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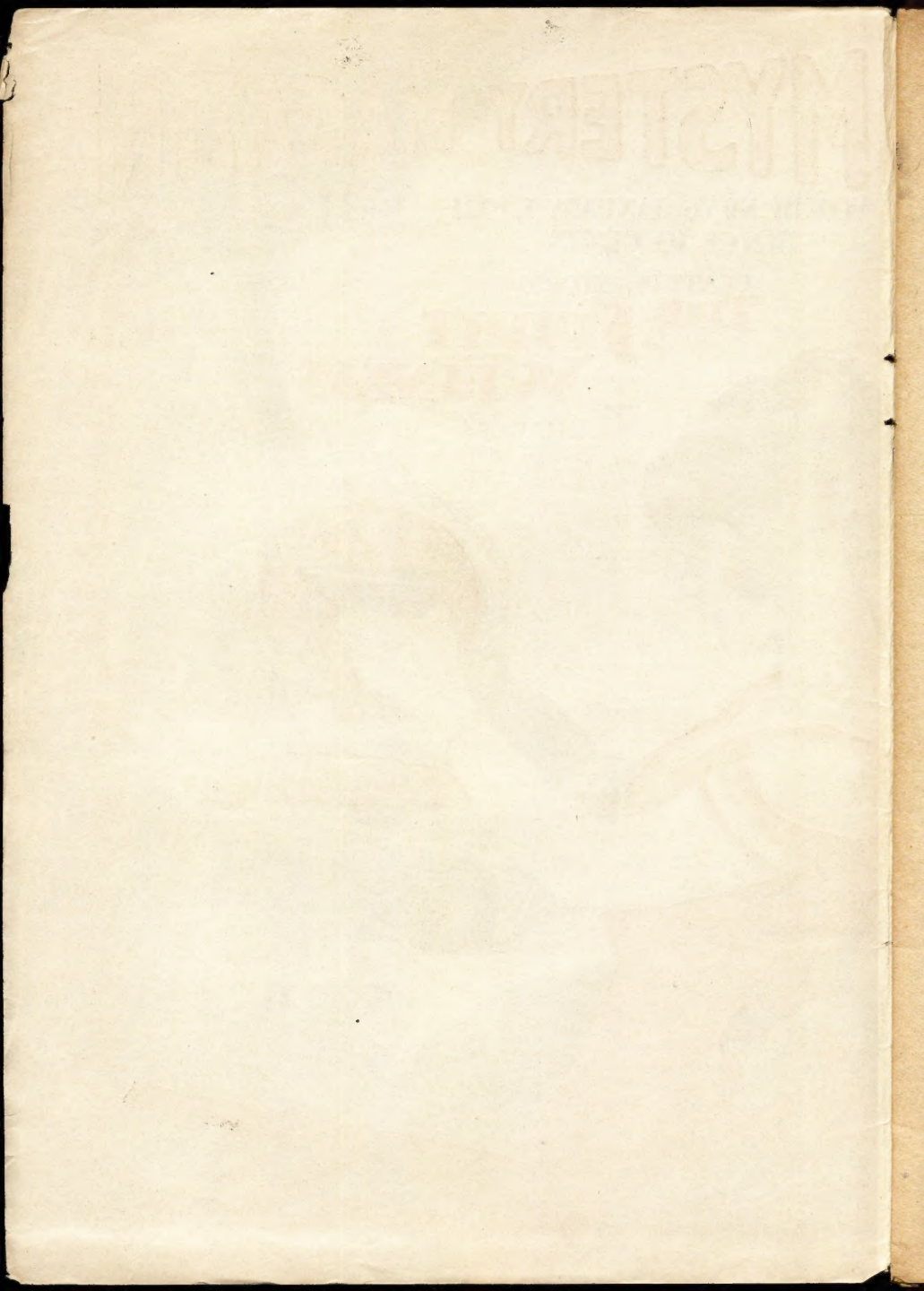
FEATURE STORY

THE SPIRIT WITNESS

BY

CHARLES
FULTON
OURSLER





"The Little White Room," by Marc Edmund Jones, will be published in Our Next

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THE SPIRIT WITNESS

By CHARLES FULTON OURSLER

CHAPTER ONE

THE SPECTER OF DARK HEAD

THROUGH the dark lanes and blind alleys of the New York underworld there passed one afternoon last September a message of warning and dread.

Burglars and "stick-up" men whispered it from taut, cornered lips; dapper flim-flam artists raised inquiring eyebrows and consulted time-tables for trains that sped westward, moreover forgers and gamblers, dope-fences, second-story men, safe-blowers, and a hundred other varieties of criminals, of high degree and low, heard the call that society had sent out to warn its own; heard it and feared. And on the carmined lips of jewel

queens and the thick lips of yeggs, one phrase lingered and was repeated many times, with bated breath and curses:

"Dantan is in New York!"

No word more disturbing could have flashed in swift and muttered signals through the pathways of metropolitan crime. If all the police of America, uniformed and in plain clothes, had been concentrated at headquarters, and then sent forth to hunt them down, the many-talented ladies and gentlemen of the under-city might have grown cautious, and waited; but the news that had now come to them was one to fill them with dread.

Dantan was in New York!

From one of a score of concealed sentinels the news had come, with the docking of the giant

liner *Ruratania*, just before noon. A sentinel had seen him; had been so close that he caught a whispered word of conversation addressed by Dantan to the turbanned Hindu who had accompanied him in the "D" section of the luggage pens. With almost hysterical energy, the sentinel had measured up to the emergency. Quickly he had summoned an assistant, and bade him watch Dantan and his man, and as he valued his hide, not to lose sight of him. Then the excited watchman had hurried away with his news.

This had been a fatal mistake. Perhaps if he had been less vain about wishing to deliver the astonishing information, he would have fared better than the man he left in charge. For the latter, though he trailed as close to Dantan as he dared, forcing himself through a maze of debarking voyagers from Europe, treading almost on the heels of the Hindu, lost his quarry.

Almost in the shutting and opening of an eye Dantan and his dark attendant had lost themselves. And though he floundered about for hours afterward, the shadower did not pick up the trail. Dantan and the Hindu had utterly disappeared.

When news of this came to the scared denizens of crimeland, they heaved huge oaths, and threatened death to the shadower who had been tricked; but, face to face with old memories and new terrors, they were forced to admit that it was what might have been expected of Dantan. That was his way. Ten years they had been free of him; ten fat, golden years in which they had plundered and robbed and slain, without the danger of his outreaching hand to stay them. For beyond that ten years, Dantan had loomed a dreaded, hated, irresistible figure on the horizon of law-breakers. Fifteen years before he had appeared suddenly, out of nowhere; had placed himself at the disposal of the authorities, and by some inexplicable influence had been accepted. In the succeeding five years he had swept like a flail in the fields of evil, and the criminals fell before him like dying grass and stubble. When his conquests were about complete, he had left New York—for where, no one knew.

And now, the men and women of the under city gnawed their knuckles, and swore and repeated the execrable phrase:

"Dantan is in New York!"

Up and down and in and out they might have hunted and never guess where he was hidden. For the blinds of the stately red-brick mansion at the corner of Fifth Avenue and one of the upper Thirties just below the Public Library were always shut; and besides, no one among them knew that the house belonged to Dantan.

But he was there; indeed, at the very moment that the excited sentinel was relating what he had seen to a startled group in a Third Avenue eating place, the Hindu had unlocked a door at the far end of the lower corridor, and stood back for the detective to enter.

"Thank you, Abdul!" murmured Dantan, as his

tall, spare figure passed through the gloom of the darkened doorway. "No lights, please! Simply come in and stay beside me!"

"Yes, sahib," returned Abdul.

Darkness covered the vast apartment in which they entered like a blanket, through which large, queer-shaped articles of furniture reared their bulk mysteriously. This was at once the study and the laboratory of Dantan; a place where he had labored as a scientist and an artist; a student of many strange things. Had the lights been turned on, they would have revealed many odd secrets, but just now Dantan preferred the dark.

Into an easy-chair he sank, somewhat wearily, and the noiseless Hindu squatted beside him. There was a moment's silence; then a scarcely discernible clicking sound, and an immediate and startling result.

Dantan had pressed a button, and a rectangle of soft blue lights suddenly shone in the darkness perhaps ten feet from his chair. The lights began at the floor and rose to the height of a man's head, and the bars of brilliants at top and bottom were perhaps two feet across. Thus they formed a frame, and within them was revealed a picture of arresting loveliness.

It was the full-length portrait of a startlingly beautiful woman.

"Look upon that picture, Abdul," said Dantan, and his voice had an odd, pained accent which the wise and faithful Hindu had never heard before. "It is a work of my own brush, done when I was a boy of twenty. To your eyes, which have looked upon the glories of a hundred galleries and chapels, its crudities will be apparent. But do you not see the spirit implanted there—the great soul that I tried to mirror with the passionate devotion of a boy's hopeless love? Study that dear face—the fine oval outline, the cheeks like rose petals, the small, delicate lips—and those deep, far-seeing eyes. Was she not wonderful?"

"It is so, sahib!" came the silken voice of the dark man.

"It was that picture brought in across the sea, Abdul. Harken, and remember—for you alone, of all men, have my confidence. I loved her. Twenty years ago I loved her. Now I can see that it was hopeless—the disparity in our ages was too great—and yet there was something in her soul that was meant for me. It was after she had refused me that I painted that picture. A year later, she married another—an old friend of mine, fifteen years my senior. A little baby came the next year—and then she died!"

Dantan halted, as if stung by ancient recollections. But presently the measured cadence of his voice again sounded on the stillness:

"It was then that I turned my peculiar gifts, in a fever of wishing to forget, to the hunting down of crime. Even at that time, Abdul, I knew I had remarkable gifts. For five years I

fought crime in this great city. Then, when it seemed I might rest, I decided to go to India to study deeper into occultism. And before I sailed, I spent an evening at Judge Landon's home—the widower of the woman I had loved. It was his daughter's birthday party—I remember doing some puzzles for her, and she made me promise that I would come back to her some future birthday.

"A month ago, in the Hotel Seville, at Madrid, her dead mother came to me in a dream, Abdul. I saw her face and somehow I got the message in my dream that I must hurry back to America and sit before this picture. Always it has been a source of psychic inspiration to me. I look into my lost love's eyes, and mysteries clear in my brain. That is why I am here, Abdul. I have opened my heart to you, wise man! Now leave me!"

Without a word, the Hindu rose and crept like a shadow out of the room. Dantan was left alone with his mystic portrait.

Long he remained there gazing up at it. The charm of the face, lighted by the glow of the blue lamps, thrilled his heart with old agonies and hopes; the eyes into which he gazed so wearily seemed to melt into tears as they looked back at him from the canvas. One hour, two hours, three hours came and went.

"Abdul!"

Instantly the white-turbaned figure stood in the doorway, as if sprung there by the spring of a jack-in-the-box.

"Call Judge Landon's home on the 'phone, and ask for Miss Dorothy!"

"It shall be so, sahib!"

The Hindu shuffled across the room, and opened a cabinet. Instantly another blue light appeared, disclosing a telephone instrument. Abdul spoke soothingly into the transmitter and waited.

"Miss Landon," he said simply, a moment later, offering the receiver to his master.

"Is this Miss Dorothy Landon," asked Dantan teasingly. "Yes? This is an old, old friend of yours, Dorothy! . . . Have you forgotten the gentleman who gave you a flower on your fifth birthday and told you always to treasure it for good luck's sake. . . . You do remember? . . . Yes! . . . It is I, Dantan. . . . And to-morrow is your eighteenth birthday? . . . Great! Will I come? Certainly I will come! And you. . . ."

But here the merry banter of the great detective stopped dead. His ear glued to the transmitter, his face chalky, he harkened.

He had heard a sudden shriek at his ear—and the voice was undoubtedly that of Dorothy Landon. Something had happened suddenly.

"Dorothy!" he called. "What has happened?"

Again that shriek came, wild and shrill, and then a sharp report. Some one had fired a revolver!

"Dantan!" It was Dorothy's voice, hoarse with

terror. "Come now! Come at once, here, to me—at our home in Dark Head. Hurry! There is death in this house! I have seen the White Lady—and now—"

Her voice trailed away in a moan of despair and the *clup* of the receiver back on its hook told Dantan the connection was broken.

He rose, glaring into the unfathomable eyes of the Hindu.

"Abdul," he grated fiercely, "never have my messages from the astral been wrong. Just now I got a definite warning while looking at Mrs. Landon's portrait that her child was in danger. And now—"

"And now?" prompted the eager Indian.

"We've got to race like the fiends of hell to get to Dark Head," answered Dantan. "Get the motor—quick!"

CHAPTER TWO

CRIME—OR GHOSTS?

DARK HEAD is a tiny, but fashionable settlement on Long Island, overlooking the Sound. It is far out, and though Dantan's European chauffeur drove his French car at the devil's pace out through the winding roads, it was seven o'clock on that autumn evening before the motor came to a halt before the bronze gates of the Landon estate.

A middle-aged, unliveried servant man came out at their ring, and told them that the judge and his daughter were awaiting them in the library. A drive through a rambling, pebbled path of perhaps an eighth of a mile brought them to the door of an old and interesting, ivy-clad home. Another servant greeted them and led Dantan and Abdul to the doorway.

Two distinct shocks awaited Dantan as he entered the library. He had not been prepared either for the appearance of the father or the daughter.

Judge Landon he remembered as a hearty, vigorous man, ruddy, black-haired, clear-eyed, in not one thing suggesting the fifteen years that separated their ages. Now he beheld a bony, wild-eyed, white-haired old gentleman, whose haggard face looked up at him almost querulously. Judge Landon was now an old and broken man.

Beside him stood his daughter, and as Dantan gazed upon her, the heart in him gave a great, pained leap that racked his being. It was as if the past had been wiped away from the slate of time, and the old, dear picture redrawn—for here was in all outward semblance not the daughter, but the mother. Incarnate she seemed to stand there—as if the hidden picture in Dantan's cloistered study had stepped living from its frame of light and smiled at him. For though her face

was pale, and her blue eyes showed traces of near tears, Dorothy Landon was smiling.

She gave a glad little cry and rushed at him, as if to embrace him, as she did when a child. And then, remembering that she was not a child, but a woman, she drew back, and Dantan, his heart hammering and aching, knew not whether to be sad or glad.

"I am so glad that you have come," she said simply, offering her hand, but the embarrassment of the moment was not relieved until the old judge rose trembling from his chair and said:

"Dantan, I'm mighty glad to see you. After all these years, too. I've missed you and"—he paused, and a strange light came into his eyes—"I've needed you!"

Dantan sat down, after introducing Abdul, who insisted on remaining unseated behind his chair. For a little while they talked with a singular attempt at animation of the old days. But it was a failure. There was something strained in their conversation. No word was spoken of the mysterious termination of the telephone conversation a few hours before, but that all was not over and done Dantan well knew by the feverish, excited manner of Judge Landon, and the frightened look that now and then shone in the eyes of Dorothy. Dantan felt vastly relieved, when presently the old man rose again:

"There are many things I want to tell you," he said slowly, as if weighing his words. "Strange things! Unbelievable things! But now I am tired—you will excuse me, I am sure, for an hour. I shall see you at dinner! Don't bother to dress—there will be only ourselves—and Ikar!"

He pronounced the last name with remarkable emphasis. Shaking Dantan's hand again, he moved slowly across the room and shut the door, as he tottered out.

When they were quite alone, Dorothy sank back in her chair with a harried little gasp and held a hand over her eyes. Dantan remained silent, waiting for the confidence he felt was bound to come. Presently she looked at him anxiously and said:

"You were always kind and helpful to me when I was a little girl—mending my broken dolls, and soothing my hurts and pains. Now you seem to have come back to me in my hour of direst need!"

She gazed inquiringly at Abdul a moment, and then said:

"I hate to seem rude—but I should very much like to speak with you alone!"

Dantan made an almost indiscernible motion of his right hand, and Abdul moved swiftly yet with a certain dignity toward the door. A moment later the door had closed noiselessly and he had gone.

"He is my assistant," Dantan explained. "In his own country, a priest; what is called a Mahatma. But my powers were greater than his, and so he has attached himself to me as my body-

guard. I entrust him with much that I do not do myself!"

She nodded absently, as he came and sat with her on the great leather couch beside the fireplace on which a log was burning ruddily. The room was lighted by but two large candles, set in brazen candlesticks. A wind had risen, and they heard it prancing shrilly around the corners of the old home.

"Tell me what has happened," said Dantan gravely.

And Dorothy told him—at times sobbing, at other times breathless and frightened as she stole a look at the door. Until a year ago all had been as happy and peaceful as it had ever been in their home; her father had been failing somewhat in health, but seemed contented and their lives had been quiet and uneventful—until he had met Count Ikar. Then, in a few months, all had changed. Through some agency which Dorothy could not fathom, Count Ikar had gained what appeared to be a complete mastery over her father, so that he obeyed him in the smallest demands. From a casual he became a frequent visitor at Dark Head, and now, for the last two months, he had taken quarters with them, occupying the best guest chamber and ordering the servants about as if they were his own.

And with this, Dorothy added, had come another and more ominous change. Judge Landon's health had grown immediately and steadily worse, until he was now a mental and a physical wreck. Yet he insistently refused to have a doctor and had dismissed the old family physician who had formerly guarded his health with the greatest care. Night after night, she said, the two, Judge Landon and Count Ikar, remained in this library until after midnight, and at times strange sounds came from behind the doors—for Dorothy had listened on the stairs. But no word of what transpired at these mysterious meetings had ever been given her.

"And now," sobbed Dorothy, lowering her head in deepest shame, "this odious count, whom instinctively I despise, for my heart warns me he is an adventurer, wants to marry me. He presses himself upon me at every opportunity—and my father is in a passion every day because I refuse. In the end, to save my father's life and happiness, I fear I shall have to submit."

Her arms across the side of the huge chair, she dropped her head and wept.

Dantan's face was inscrutable, save for a glitter in his eyes that spoke with savage and determined eloquence. But he waited in silence until Dorothy was calmer.

"You have not told me," he reminded her gently, "what occurred just when I telephoned you!"

The old frightened look came into her eyes, and she stared at him a moment speechless. Then she began to talk rapidly, as one pitched to a high nervous tension.

"Do you remember the old legend of this

house?" she asked him, "the story of the White Bride who walks the corridors? Mother was supposed to have seen it the night before I was born—and she died!"

She did not see the pained gleam that darted in the deep sunken eyes of the silent man beside her. She heard the sigh that came from him and hastened on, as if anxious to rid her heart of the strange burden it contained.

"Last night, Count Ikar brought a toy board into the house with a little table—a Ouija Board he called it," she continued, and when Danton nodded his familiarity with the thing she described, she hurried forward with her story. "He put his hands on it and made it move over the letters, spelling out a message. You remember that whoever sees the White Bride will know that a death is coming to the house? Well, the board, under Ikar's hand, spelled out the message—I shall walk to-night! The White Bride!"

"There were several of my young friends here and we all laughed at it as a joke, but I saw a horrible expression on my father's face as if he believed it were true. And the beast Ikar insisted that he believed it would come true. I fancied then that he had some devilish design in his head—but now I know better!"

"How?" asked Danton, a note of eagerness in his voice.

"Because I have seen the White Bride," declared Dorothy shudderingly. "Oh, it was horrible! It happened just as I was answering your call on the telephone. I was talking to you and was so glad to know that you were in America for my birthday, just as you had promised, when my eyes turned toward that corner of the room, there by the candles on the bookcase. In the center of the room stood a woman dressed completely in white. But, dear friend, it was not a real figure—it was ghostly, vaporish, unreal—and I could see through it. It stood there motionless—and you heard me scream.

"I am not a coward. For weeks I have lived in fear of Count Ikar, for his advances are sometimes exceeding the limits of breeding. I fear him, and always in my bosom I carry now a tiny revolver which father once gave me for my dressing-table. When this figure suddenly moved toward me, I lifted the little weapon and fired. The bullet went right through the phantom—but did not harm it. When I saw this I screamed again and begged you to come, and then—I fell unconscious. When I awoke father was with me, and raging at my nerves, as he called them. I did not tell him what I had seen!"

A silence fell between them now, but Danton reached out and took one of her cold hands between his own. Soothing her quietly, he had almost succeeded in silencing her sobs, when the door was flung open and a step sounded on the threshold. Danton turned and rose to confront a tall, darkly handsome man, in dinner jacket, smoking a cigar. He heard a stifled sob from Doro-

thy; could feel her struggle to master her feelings and then she rose beside him.

"Come in," she said, with icy composure. "Count Ikar, I wish you to meet my oldest and dearest friend—Danton!"

It needed a practiced eye to see what now Danton saw. But this was a keenly practiced eye, whose sharp scrutiny had found many a hidden mystery. And though the elegant nonchalance of Count Ikar as he acknowledged the introduction was itself almost perfection, it held a flaw. That flaw was a sudden, convulsive movement of the hands, and to Danton it spoke volumes.

Ikar knew him and feared him.

Before more than a few conventional remarks had been exchanged, Judge Landon reappeared, seemingly in better spirits, and they went to dinner. But it was a dull repast, for Dorothy sat, barely touching the food; the old man drooled now and then inane conventionalities, Danton remained suavely silent and Ikar spoke incessantly. He talked on every subject he could think of, directing his remarks largely at Danton, and asking numerous questions which Danton parried easily. As a net result, Count Ikar rose from the dinner no wiser regarding Danton than when he sat down.

Danton had hoped to spend the evening with Dorothy, for whom he felt a great and consuming sympathy. In a whispered aside he had warned her not to worry; that he felt sure he could restore peace to the household and health to her father. But he felt the need of further talk with her before proceeding. This the old judge seemed determined to prevent.

"I wish to talk to Danton," he told her abruptly. "To-morrow is your birthday party and he will be the life of it, you may be sure. But to-night I desire to tell him things. Ikar, you and Danton come with me to the library."

Thus was Dorothy banished, and presently Ikar sat, suddenly stony and silent, with Danton across the table, and the old judge leaning back in the easy-chair at the head. It seemed to Danton that the judge was about to tell something which Ikar wished hidden; that for the first time the old man was rebelling against Ikar's influence, and that Ikar wished that Danton were in hades. And in whimsical enjoyment of the situation, Danton waited for the old man to begin.

"Do you know that I talk every night with my dead wife?" demanded the judge suddenly.

Danton stared at him unmoved, except to shake his head.

"I do!" declared Judge Landon emphatically. "Our friend Count Ikar is the most wonderful medium in the world. He brings back the spirit of my dead wife, and I talk with her. He has been doing it for a year. 'You,' he added, dropping to a conversational undertone, 'are the first person to know this, except ourselves. Oh, my boy, what a sweet solace to be able to reach out across the great abyss and commune with the liv-

ing soul of my darling. Night after night we have done it. She has advised me on my business affairs; prompted investments which have yielded large and safe returns, and now she is anxious that the count marry Dorothy, so that he can watch over her, and bring to her, through his mediumship, a mother's influence when I am gone. Is it not a great thing, Dantan? I have known your interest in these mysteries for years, but, my boy, in all your studies in India you have never seen so true and genuine a marvel as our friend the count."

So cackled on the judge, while Dantan listened in grave and somber silence, and Ikar sat restlessly opposite him, not liking the cool, direct stare of the mystic.

"But," added Judge Landon, with a sudden and surprising gleam of intelligence, "I have insisted that you should be present at a seance. It has caused the first quarrel between Count Ikar and myself. He is against an outsider being present—but on this one point I have been firm. You are the one man I desire to share this happiness with me—and I flatly told Count Ikar this afternoon that unless he showed the miracle of my wife's return to you, I should not consent to my daughter marrying him. And that," he added with a sly wink, "fixed him."

It was pitiful. This sudden obstinacy of Judge Landon was dictated by no latent gleam of caution; it had in it no real basis of remaining common sense. It was nothing more nor less than vanity; a desire to convince the skeptic Dantan, and in his dotard childishness he was adamant.

"I should very much like to see such a strange thing," said Dantan slowly.

Count Ikar sat suddenly bolt upright. His dark eyes, in which fires had long been smoldering, suddenly blazed into angry coals.

"You shall!" he said bitterly. "Excuse me, sir, if I seem frank—cruelly so. But I am a genuine medium—and I sense opposition intuitively. I feel that you are antagonistic to me. You have been misled, perhaps, by a talk with Miss Landon, who just now is angry with me, but who, I feel sure, holds me in very high regard. You see that I understand. I know that your will is bound to work against the rigid requirements of a seance. However, I accept your challenge. You think me a fakir—a fakir, who has come into this household with some base motive, preying upon credulity. It is a lie, sir!"

His gesture was magnificent, as he stood and faced Dantan belligerently. He took the detective entirely by surprise. Such boldness was either unlimited nerve or sheer honesty.

"You are a very clever man, Mr. Dantan," continued Count Ikar bitterly. "You would like very much to discover my trick—for you believe it is a trick. In your American slang, you should like to show me up—to prove me a swindler. Very well, sir. I am to retire to my room now, for three hours of prayer. No seance should be un-

dertaken without communion with the other world through prayer. Then I shall return—and, my dear Dantan, you shall have all the opportunity you desire to expose me!"

He bowed like a court crier and strode from the room.

Was he a fakir? Or was he a fanatic? Dantan confessed to himself as he sat silently before the drowsing Judge Landon that it had been a bold play, a remarkable *tour de force*, an exhibition of audacity, on Ikar's part, if, indeed, it had not been genuine after all. And had there been anything in what he had said of Dorothy?

Judge Landon was asleep. Dantan stepped softly from the room, and as he emerged into the corridor a turbaned figure moved toward him from the shadows of the circular staircase. Abdul was there, silent, inscrutable as ever, waiting for what might come.

Long and earnestly Dantan whispered into the ear of the Hindu, who lifted his turban a trifle that he might hear all that was said. And though Dantan whispered, few would have benefited had they overheard. For his words were of a strange and foreign sound—they were spoken in Pali, the holy language of the Buddhists.

With a sudden salaam, Abdul made off, and Dantan began a search through the lower room. He was looking for Dorothy, but he did not find her. After half an hour's fruitless search, he returned to the library, to wait for Ikar.

Precisely at midnight the medium re-entered the library. Judge Landon had awakened and was smoking a perfecto. He nodded at Dantan as Ikar appeared, and chuckled in anticipatory glee of coming events.

Ikar was pale and obviously nervous. He seemed struggling desperately to hold himself under control, and he scarcely glanced at Dantan. Addressing himself to Judge Landon, he said:

"I am ready. Leave one candle burning, but shade its rays with the book. Then take your usual place at the table!"

Ikar now moved forward a chair and asked Dantan to be seated at the table. The detective found himself placed exactly opposite Judge Landon; the medium sat at the upper end of the table, his hands resting on the mahogany top. Except for the feeble red glow from the fireplace, and the shrouded rays of the candle, the library was in somber darkness.

"I shall sing!" said Count Ikar.

It was eerie. Even Dantan, who had looked upon many uncanny ceremonials, had never before heard such a low, dirge-like voice as Ikar's when he sang. It was a strange, foreign song, that had in it something of the mournful melancholy of the Scandinavian, mingled with the passionate entreaty of the plantation negro spiritual. Over and over again Ikar's voice droned and hummed the tune, and then suddenly Dantan—the mystic, the man who had solved four thousand strange crimes, who had penetrated into the best-guarded secrets

of darkest India—the great Dantan grew cold with sudden shock and surprise.

For there at his elbow stood the image of the woman he had loved—the woman who had been in her grave nearly twenty years!

Tangible she seemed—though he could see through the mist that formed her, yet here she was, within reach of his outstretched hand, bending over him, looking at him, the eyes staring and soulful, as he had painted them. Merciful God! Could it be true? And look—she wore the very dress in which he had painted her portrait—and the hand, with the rings she had treasured!

It was impossible! It was real, lifelike, illusive—yes! Yes! But it was a trick! It had to be a trick!

As the appalled detective leaned forward staring in amazement, the specter opened its lips and spoke:

"To-morrow night the White Bride walks alone. And one shall see her—but one alone. And he shall die!"

The voice was hers! Undeniably it was hers—come back from the grave in which they had lain her.

"It's a lie!" Dantan's practiced soul cried out to him, and shaking the awe that hung about him like a fog from his shoulders he reached out and clasped the figure in his arms.

It melted away like mist and was gone—utterly, bafflingly gone.

Dantan staggered back, to behold Ikar calmly removing the book from around the candle. There was a smile of triumph beneath his insolent waxed mustaches.

At last Dantan had met a foeman worthy of his sword!

CHAPTER THREE

DANTAN FIRES!

ALONE in the room which had been assigned him in the eastern wing of the Landon home, Dantan sat down and pondered.

The first shock of the seance had passed. All the eerie effect which the apparition had wrought upon him was gone. With a kind of loathing and disgust, the detective remembered how his feelings had surrendered to the compelling mystery of the enigma. For the first time, in viewing an inexplicable thing, he had lost his sense of intellectual detachment which had been his surest armor against deception. For once his feelings had been played upon; he had watched what had happened, not only with alert mind, but with stirred heart. His emotions had been tricked, and he had paid the penalty in failing to grasp how the miracle had been accomplished.

But now the spell was broken. Alone, he knew that he had been tricked. And as his lightning mind played first upon one salient point and then

upon another, a scheme of things became manifest to his mind; he saw beneath the surface a little into the real nature of what was underway beneath this unhappy roof.

Ikar was a clever man; a bold, unscrupulous schemer, after the millions that would come to Dorothy Landon when her father died. And seizing upon his ability in pretended spiritualism, he had gotten the old judge under his control. Through him he was working to gain Dorothy's consent to marriage. And Dantan knew that Judge Landon was near death; that an old heart affection was nearing the final crisis; that the time to act was now.

Two questions confronted him, requiring immediate solution.

How had Ikar produced so realistic a phantom in the guise of the long dead Mrs. Landon?

What was the hidden method by which Ikar meant to win?

For an hour the famous detective considered these matters, bringing to bear upon their examination not only the surpassing power of a brilliant mind and the resources of profound scientific learning, but something bigger, transcending all else. This was psychic intuition. For Dantan was a psychic, in so far as that misunderstood power can be possessed of mankind. In it lay the real secret of many a successful struggle with criminals. At times there came to him a certain sense of exaltation, and with it inner promptings, whispering voices, murmuring things to him. It was much like that uncanny something which a poker player calls a "hunch." Invariably Dantan followed these exterior promptings—and he never lost.

Never had he felt the need of such guidance so much as now. For here was something that threatened to be dangerous—a phantom that deduced him, a spirit through which bullets might pass harmlessly. Again and again he battered his mind with the question—how had Ikar done this mysterious thing?

Two o'clock in the morning came, and Abdul appeared in the doorway, salaaming.

"All is done as you desired, sahib," he whispered.

He handed Dantan a sheaf of papers, a bulky package of metal tools and a flat piece of cardboard, which the detective received with marked eagerness. Carrying them to the light, he first glanced at the cardboard, which was a photograph, studying it with fascinated intentness for a while.

It was a photograph of the portrait of Mrs. Landon in his own studio!

Carefully he studied it, as if it held the answer to all the strange matters which now oppressed him. One way and then another he turned it, muttering to himself now and again, as if vastly perplexed. And then, suddenly, a sigh of relief escaped his lips.

"It's here, Abdul!" he said, his voice hard and

strained. "The answer to it all is here, I felt that inner prompting which made me send you back to New York and secure this portrait! Now I know why I was told to do that! The explanation of what is puzzling me is this picture!"

"Where?" asked the puzzled Hindu.

"There!" replied Dantan, pointing to a bit of trimming on one side of the gown. "That contains the entire solution of the mystery!"

The puzzled Hindu shook his head. He did not understand. But Dantan had no mind then to unravel the knot. Action was throbbing in every fiber like an impatient motor. Quickly he gave instructions to his attendant, and the dark, gleaming eyes of the East Indian narrowed into thin slits as he listened.

"It shall be so, sahib," he promised, and stole from the room.

Now Dantan made some extraordinary preparations. He disrobed and then donned pajamas and a dark gray dressing gown. Going to the window of his room, he carefully raised the sash and looked out. The wind was still high, and menacing cloud banks moved majestically across the northern skies. There was no moon. He sighed with satisfaction.

To any man not a clever athlete, the drop from Dantan's window to the ground might have been a poser. But Dantan was a clever athlete. With the ease of a monkey, in spite of the flapping encumbrance of his dressing gown, he squirmed silently out of the window, and clutching at the shutters below for a precarious hold, quickly lowered himself, unharmed, to the earth. Without pausing, he stepped quickly into the shadow of a projecting piazza end, and waited for a moment.

If any one were watching, no hint was given that he had been discovered. Satisfied on this score, he moved cautiously around the edge of the porch, in five minutes encompassing three-quarters of the distance, and finding himself directly outside the library in which the seance had been held.

Here he moved with the utmost circumspection. A great urge had brought him here, and he had no wish to be foiled by untimely discovery. With cat-like softness he crept forward until he stood beneath the shadow of a great elm. Here he straightened up and stood still, his eyes probing the dark surroundings. Perhaps ten minutes elapsed before he stirred. Then it was only to approach nearer to the library window, and bend close to the closed shutters. From his pocket he drew forth something small and gleaming, and then a tiny circle of golden light illuminated the green paint of the shutter.

Like a tiny ghost itself, the glowing circle moved back and forth, while the keen-eyed mystic sought for the clue he felt lay hidden there. But it was not easy to find, whatever it was; in fact, almost another ten minutes passed before there

came again that relieved little gasp of satisfaction. Dantan had found something he greatly needed in his quest.

At once the tiny circle of light disappeared, and Dantan moved back. But now he did a most extraordinary thing. With the utmost deliberation he began to burglarize the window. From the pocket of his dressing robe he drew out a small jimmy and went to work with a will, forcing the shutter. In a few moments, groaning ever so slightly, the shutter swung outward. It was but the work of a few moments to force the window, and the black library gaped deserted within easy reach.

Throwing the tools to the ground, he leaped lightly through the window, and stood for a moment, smiling grimly.

Then he deliberately drew a revolver from the overburdened pocket which had carried the tools he had needed so badly. Aiming out of the window, he fired once, twice, three times!

On the stillness of the night, in a sudden lull of the wind, the shots roared like so much artillery, awakening harsh echoes over the Long Island hills.

"Stop thief! Burglars!" shouted Dantan.

And thrice again he fired.

Murmurings and shufflings now awoke through the quiet corridors of the house; the sound of frightened, questioning voices, and the sudden rush of footsteps. A maid screamed in terror; the sounds grew louder and more confused, and then, tramping down the stairs, came men and women; guests and servants. At their head was Ikar, wrapped in a dressing robe; tottering feebly behind him was Judge Landon.

Dantan had flashed on the lights, and grimly apologized for his condition of undress.

"Too late!" he said. "The robbers have escaped. I heard a noise, for I was wakeful and hurried downstairs. My man Abdul is chasing them now, but they had a good lead on us. I am very sorry to have awakened you all out of your slumbers!"

It was an hour before the household was quieted again; for they had to chatter about it, and see what had been stolen, if anything, and hear thrice over Abdul's lurid description of how he had chased the robbers. But at last, all were under bed covers again—all except two.

To the door of Dantan's room Abdul stole and crept in, a slight smile on his thin lips.

"I found this," he whispered exultantly, pressing a paper into Dantan's hand. "It worked exactly as you had planned it. I was hiding behind draperies in the upper hall. At the first shot Count Ikar rushed from the room and hurried downstairs, leaving his door open. I crept in, and with the fifteen minutes to work in that you agreed to delay him, I made a thorough search. But that was all I found!"

"All!" echoed Dantan happily. "You have found Ikar's death warrant!"

CHAPTER FOUR

MEDIUMISTIC MURDER!

DOROTHY LANDON'S birthday was a busy day for Dantan.

Early that morning, having made her his gift of eighteen roses, he asked her to excuse him until the evening party, at which all of her friends were to come and make the old house merry with their laughter and dancing. Making his excuses to Judge Landon, he entered his motor car, after a murmured adieu to Abdul, and was driven back toward New York.

He did not return until dusk, and then his face looked worn and tired. Abdul met him at the gate, and told him that Ikar had received a telephone message which had sent him scurrying in a car borrowed from Judge Landon in the direction of Flushing, but he had told the gateman he would be back in time for dinner. At this Dantan smiled meaningly.

"I arranged that," he confided, "so that I might talk to the judge unhindered."

Once in the Landon home again, Dantan sought out Judge Landon, and found him in the library. The old man greeted him warmly and asked him how he felt now about the mediumship of Count Ikar.

"It is about that," replied Dantan, "that I have come to talk to you!"

And there, closeted with Judge Landon, Dantan talked on and on, and as he talked a new and incredulous light came into the weary eyes of the judge. The old man straightened, rigid with a lost or forgotten dignity. His frown grew deeper and the lines about his mouth tightened.

"I don't believe you," he gasped once, but Dantan went on. And when the silver gongs were sounding to summon the guests to the birthday dinner of Dorothy Landon, Judge Landon and Dantan had come to a new meeting place—a new and strange agreement.

It would be a pleasant task to tell of that eighteenth birthday celebration of Dorothy Landon; of the merry people who gathered about the festive board, creaking with its cargo of viands, and glittering beneath a *grandelle* of a thousand brilliants. Of the happy times they had; of the laughable quips and quirks that darted up and down and back and forth across the table of the gifts that Dorothy opened with such shy expectancy—the lines of care for a few glad moments banished from her face—it would make a bright chapter, as it was always one of Dorothy's happiest memories.

Several of the guests, including an effeminate little minister and his Amazonian wife, one of Dorothy's former schoolmates, and an old political friend of the judge, had decided to remain over the night at the cordial solicitation of Judge Landon. After the other guests had departed,

they remained chattering in the library until a late hour, and so it was well after midnight before the house became quiet.

Dantan personally saw the judge, who was quite tired, to his room, then stole below where he hoped to find Dorothy. But she had already gone to her room; there was none left in the library but Count Ikar, who bade Dantan an abrupt good-night and hurried up the stairs. As he disappeared, Abdul stepped from behind a curtain at one side of the window.

"All is prepared?" asked Dantan.

"All is as you wished, sahib!" returned the Hindu.

"Then be careful. Above all things, never leave your post!"

As Abdul made a wide salaam Dantan left the library and went upstairs. As the sound of his footsteps died away, Abdul also left the library, but took a different direction, turning down the corridor, where he came to a small door. From a pocket the Indian produced a key, and opening the door softly, emerged to the open piazza.

Here he did not hesitate. Making sure that the door was fastened securely behind him, Abdul encircled a pillar supporting the piazza roof and clambered agilely upward. Panting a trifle, he scrambled over the eave and found himself outside the railing of the upper porch.

During the day, acting under Dantan's instructions, Abdul had studied the place intimately, and now he understood his location perfectly. As he had intended, on emerging to the upper balcony, he found himself hidden in the shadow of a corner pillar. Here he remained.

In the philosophy of the Hindu initiates neither time nor space exists. A thousand years may pass in the snapping of a thumb and forefinger, according to the Lhammas, the Yogis, the Mahatmas. Abdul was an initiate, to whom impatience was an unknown quantity; he settled himself in the shadow of that upper balcony, serene and confident. But he did not wait long.

Indeed, it is doubtful if he had been there half an hour, when something caught his eye in the dark shadows at the far end of the piazza. It was something shimmery white and it was moving.

Another startled glance was sufficient to convince Abdul that the white, shimmery object was approaching. With a kind of gliding, even movement it swept noiselessly, as if blown on the night wind, coming nearer, moment after moment. It was no taller than Abdul, and at first its shape was vague and indefinite, but now, as inevitably it came toward him, closer and closer, he made out the figure of a woman. And at that moment Abdul remembered the White Bride.

Fragments of conversation he had overheard, coupled with momentary confidences of his master, recurred to him. This must be the ghost that had threatened to walk—the ghost which would

be a messenger of death to the man or woman who beheld it!

For himself, Abdul had no fear. He was in hiding; if it were a real ghost, he need not fear, for he was seeing something not intended for his eyes. But Judge Landon!—Abdul knew that the old judge was superstitious; he knew the judge had heart disease; he knew the judge feared to see this apparition. If the judge did see it, most certainly he might die from the shock to his already greatly enfeebled heart.

Abdul had been associated with Danton too long not to understand some of his methods, and not to have gained some knowledge of his deductive processes.

Here, toward him, as he stood guard outside Judge Landon's window, came moving, slowly, with terrible majesty, the specter of the White Lady. A harbinger of death most assuredly she might prove, if Judge Landon saw her.

Like a flash of lightning, a new thought darted through the wily Hindu's brain. Suppose some one wished to murder Judge Landon—a not improbable idea, if Abdul had correctly understood two or three cryptic utterances of Danton. What better method of killing him than by suggesting death as the immediate consequence of seeing the apparition—and then sending the apparition after him? To a superstitious man, with an incurable heart ailment, such an attack would undoubtedly prove fatal.

Then, if this oncoming specter did enter Judge Landon's room, Judge Landon would die!

All belief in the reality of the ghost left Abdul's mind on the instant. This was a trap for the judge, his keen senses told him. In his own mind the Hindu had worked out the problem all in the flashes of a few tense seconds, every one of which brought the gliding phantom nearer. It was almost upon him when Abdul decided to act.

He would spring upon the ghost and hold it prisoner!

With a convulsive movement he started over the spindled railing, the fire of battle in his big, burning eyes. But he was stopped!

From out of the mysterious black night behind came two mighty, powerful arms. They closed around him in an embrace of terrific, breath-breaking force. With a helpless gasp, Abdul sank back deeper into the grip of his hidden captor, utterly taken by surprise, and completely overcome.

Consciousness was leaving him, yet he would not give up. His parched throat contracted; his leathery tongue sought in vain to help his voice find utterance, but he failed. His dimming eyes saw the White Bride reach the open window of the sleeping Judge Landon; saw it move on across the low sill and disappear into the darkness of the bed-chamber.

Then all went black and Abdul knew nothing.

He was flat on his back when he recovered con-

sciousness, lying where he had evidently been thrown, on the floor of the upper piazza, only a few feet from the bedroom window of Judge Landon. No trace of his assailant remained.

Moonlight covered the balcony and flooded all that side of the house, yet Abdul saw no living thing. A curious stillness seemed to have settled over Dark Head and all its inhabitants.

With a great fear clutching at his heart, Abdul stole softly to the open window and looked in. One glance told him a finished and tragic story.

A vagrant shaft of moonlight streamed over the bed, on which, crouched back, his eyes staring, his jaw sagging, his hands fixed in an upraised, open posture of horror, lay the dead body of the judge. It needed no learned detective to tell the shivering Hindu what had happened. Judge Landon, ill from his heart trouble, had been frightened to death by the apparition of the White Lady. And Abdul had been prevented from saving him.

A low moan escaped the Hindu. Then, leaping into the room of death, he crossed hurriedly to the bolted door, opened it, hurried out into the corridor and rushed to Danton's room. Three light knocks he sounded on the door.

"Master!" he whispered. "Abdul has news! I shall be in the library!"

This had been his instructions if anything happened, and obeying them, he now hurried down to the library. Two minutes later Danton, fully dressed, joined him there.

"What did you see?" demanded Danton.

"Sahib Judge Landon is dead—he was murdered," declared Abdul stolidly.

"What do you mean by that?" Danton's voice was sharp and accusing.

And then Abdul told his suspicions. Danton listened carefully, his face very grave; then he sounded a bell on the table. In five minutes a scantily clad, sleepy looking man servant stood shivering before them. Danton gave instructions to the man to call his wife, and ordered them to quietly awaken the immediate members of the family and ask them to join Danton in the library.

Ikar was the first to appear.

"What is it?" he demanded irritably, regarding Danton with little favor. "Has there been another burglar?"

"There has been murder!" declared Danton solemnly. "Judge Landon has been found murdered in his bed—that is, he was evidently frightened to death by a trick of some devilish kind!"

Ikar made an insulting sound with his lips and teeth.

"Poppycock!" he snorted. "Judge Landon was a sufferer from heart disease—that is all!"

Danton glared at him.

"There may be ways of proving it to be murder," he grated.

"What do you mean by that damned infernal

insinuation?" snarled Count Ikar threateningly, taking a step forward. There might have been blows but for the sudden appearance of Dorothy Landon. She was white and trembling, and in her right hand she held a crushed sheet of note paper.

"Has anything happened to daddy?" she asked Dantan.

"He is dead," snapped Count Ikar cruelly.

The girl seemed about to reel, but steadied herself. She saw an angry rebuke for Ikar about to fall from Dantan's lips, and raised a trembling white hand to silence him.

"Don't!" she begged. "Don't quarrel with the count—he is going to be my husband!"

CHAPTER FIVE

A WITNESS FROM THE GREAT BEYOND?

COUNT IKAR smiled ever so slightly as he turned glittering eyes on the inscrutable Dantan.

"I am honored," he oozed.

Dantan ignored him, but turned tenderly toward the shaken girl, who still stood transfixed and grief stricken in the doorway.

"Dorothy, you trust me, I know," he said gently. "Will you come in and sit down and hear what I have to say?"

She moved toward him, the light of trust kindling in her wounded eyes, when Count Ikar interposed.

"In such an hour, I protest," he said grandiloquently. "As Miss Landon's affianced husband, I shall see that——"

"You shall see what I show you!" interposed Dantan threateningly. "Beneath his robes there my man Abdul has you covered with a revolver. If you make a move he'll kill you!"

A shocked gasp came from Dorothy, as the pale count spread wide his hands in a gesture of contemptuous surrender. He sat down where Dantan pointed. The great detective faced him accusingly.

"You are guilty of murder!" he said, his voice low and tense. "By a mediumistic trick, you gained the confidence of Judge Landon and made him believe he was in communication with your dead wife. You knew he was dying of heart disease. You gained specimens of his handwriting that you might forge his writing. And you had planned a devilishly clever scheme. You planned to forge his name to an apparently dying note, entreating Dorothy to marry you, your real purpose being to get the Landon millions. You knew Dorothy's nature—that she would feel herself bound by such a message. This you held in readiness. Then you planned to frighten the old judge to death by having a fake White Lady appear at his bedside, knowing that the shock to his heart

would kill him. You fancied that such a devilishly ingenious scheme could never be discovered—that you could never be convicted.

"Then," went on Dantan, controlling the force of his inward rage by heroic effort, "I arrived, and because of my knowledge of the occult you feared me. To prevent that you staged a fake scene in this library last night—but two hours afterward I had discovered how you accomplished it. You resorted to the old stereopticon feat of projecting a picture on a screen of fine dust, caused by little bombs of Asian powder—an old trick, known to every fake medium in the business. But you added a master stroke by using a photograph of my painting of Dorothy's mother for projecting the image—a photograph stolen from Judge Landon's room, and tinted. Your projection machine was hidden out on the porch. And because you are a ventriloquist, you imitated Dorothy's voice, and thus completed the illusion! It was while rehearsing this effect that you nearly frightened Miss Landon to death yesterday."

Towering, Dantan faced the white-faced medium, who glared back at him defiantly, while Dorothy, her face torn with new suspicion, gazed in rapt horror at the note in her hand. Noticing this, Dantan said to her:

"I have a copy of that note, found in Ikar's room, little Dorothy—one on which he had practiced!"

Ignoring the snarl that leaped from the count's lips, Dantan inexorably went on:

"To-night you put your final plan into operation. The judge had been warned that a sight of the White Bride meant death. When all were asleep, you slipped into the room of this innocent, slumbering girl and left your forged note on her dresser. Then, at your orders, a woman employed here as a servant, who is in your own employ secretly and who will shortly be under arrest, came out on the balcony and glided toward Judge Landon's open window. When Abdul tried to interfere, you, who had followed him, struck him down. And your psychic murder was complete!"

A tigerish expression on his face, Count Ikar rose and confronted his accuser.

"It's a lie," he snarled. "You can't prove it! No one can prove it!"

A terrible smile came slowly to the lips of Dantan.

"I can prove it!" he replied. "Ikar, or Jamieson, as your real name is, for I know your police record from deuce to ace and back again, your fake mediumship has had its try and failed. I am Dantan and Dantan can summon up the dead. A spirit witness shall convict you!"

An oppressive silence hung over the library whose solemn portraits of ancient Landons had looked down upon so many weird happenings. Dorothy looked at her old friend, dreading what next might come.

"What do you mean, you fakir?" cried Ikar furiously.

"I mean that for once in your life you are going to look upon a real spirit," thundered Dantan, "and that unless you confess it will dog your steps to the grave."

Ikar sat down weakly, but an attempt at indifferent contempt showed on his face. Dantan bent over Dorothy and whispered to her a few soothing words. Abdul remained at the far corner, and beneath his robe a bulge showed, that told he still was guarding Ikar.

Dantan stepped to the wall and pressed a button. Instantly the light was blotted out; they were in the blackness of the darkened library.

"You need not sing this time, Count Ikar," said Dantan evenly. "But you might pray!"

In the silence that followed a low, droning sound reached their ears. It was Abdul, muttering a chant which often he had drummed in the courts of the Indian temples, before strange altars and strange gods.

"Enough!" cried Dantan. "If the dead can wake—if good is stronger than evil—if spirit is greater than flesh—if white magic is greater than black magic—then I call upon you, spirit of a murdered judge—appear!"

A ghastly glow broke upon the darkness instantly—a bluish, quivering circle of light, close by the window. Within it was a darker blur, looming dimly, but gradually assuming form and definiteness. It was a human shape.

From Count Ikar came a gasp.

"No lens could do this, Count Ikar," murmured Dantan, and then the gasp was followed by a groan, deep in the throat of the accused man. For he had seen beyond mistake what miracle Dantan had wrought for him—the image of Judge Landon there, in its wrinkled black suit, with the waving, unkempt white hair, and the worried, wrinkled face, and the blazing, tortured eyes, and the accusing, outpointed forefinger.

Like a creature of flesh, living and breathing, this apparition stood, so calm, so lifelike, like a breath from another world.

"Murderer!"

Beyond peradventure, it was Judge Landon's voice!

"You thought to plan and execute a crime beyond the solution of the mind of man. But I, Judge Landon, am here, and I accuse you of all that Dantan has spoken. You thought it all; you did it all. Confess to him now, or I shall be at your shoulder from this moment thenceforth until the end; my hand shall be with yours when you write; my cheek by yours when you eat, my head pillowed with yours when you attempt to sleep. Guilty man—be warned in time!"

Instantly the apparition vanished; the bluish light quivered and melted into the darkness, and the lights were turned on. To his feet staggered the craven Ikar.

"Damn you!" he shrieked. "I did it! I did it! But you'll never get me—now!"

Dantan and Abdul alike were too slow to stop him. His hand had gone to his mouth, and a moment later he was unconscious, dying; self-poisoned, Dantan quickly led Dorothy from the room into the bright welcome of a cozy little reception parlor off the main corridor.

That was the tragic finish of one of the most remarkable cases that ever was recorded in the annals of the police department.

With the passing of Ikar, one of the worst men in the world went to the judgement seat to answer for a hideous crime.

Dantan and Dorothy paused and glanced at each other mutely. The man was calm and serene but the girl was terrible wrought up by all the exciting events through which she had passed.

It aroused Dantan's sympathy to see how forlorn she was and he took a step nearer to her, his arms outstretched and a tender light glowing in her eyes. She did not recoil but seemed to invite his intention.

He took the weeping, shaken, fragile girl into his arms and told her to look at him.

"Dorothy," he said tenderly, "you once told me I mended your broken dolls and soothed all the sorrows of your very early girlhood. To-night I am happy to be able to wipe away for a long time to come—so the doctors have told me—your deepest and most agonized sorrow!"

He opened a door, and out stepped Judge Landon!

Not a ghost! Not a picture! Not a specter! But old Judge Landon himself, in the flesh, and looking a hundred per cent. better than he had looked in a year and more.

As Dorothy gave a frightened and then happy cry and ran to his arms, the old man folded her to his heart. And not until the next day did Dorothy learn how Dantan, having by his psychic powers learned most of Ikar's schemes, and by his deductive skill the rest, had warned the judge and sent him to another room, and how Dantan himself, made up as Judge Landon, had waited in the judge's bed, and pretended death, the better to confound the cunning Ikar.

Through the dark lanes and blind alleys of the New York underworld there passed, on the morning after Christmas last year, a message of joy and glad tidings.

Burglars and stick-up men, flimflam artists, forgers and gamblers, baxies and beedlums, dope-fences, second-story men, yeggs and jewel queens alike were happy. For they had read the morning papers, and one and all they whispered the news of relief back and forth across the tables:

"Dantan has left New York. He married Judge Landon's daughter and they've sailed for Europe on their honeymoon!"

A Shadowy Clue

By GILBERT J. BLACKWELL

I WAS summoned one evening in September to the residence of a wealthy Philadelphia gentleman, largely interested in railway enterprises, named Leonard Richards.

I had been for some time in the Quaker City, and my reputation had already been established by a series of successes, which I will honestly say I attribute as much to remarkable good fortune as to my own astuteness.

Upon my arrival at the residence of Mr. Richards I was, upon presentation of my card, ushered immediately into the presence of the gentleman of the house, who received me in a small room which had the appearance of a private office and library combined.

Without the slightest preface, Mr. Richards said:

"Mr. Fox, my son has been murdered this night."

I confess that I was somewhat startled at this abrupt revelation of the nature of the calamity which had induced Mr. Richards to send for me, but, without betraying the surprise I entertained, I calmly said:

"This, then, is why you require my assistance? State the circumstances attending the commission of the crime, and what you require of me. Time may be of the greatest importance in this case, and the sooner I am acquainted with the details the more speedily can I undertake the performance of the task that you may require."

"My son's murder is shrouded in the most impenetrable mystery, and yet there is a shadowy clue to the perpetrator of the crime. My emotions somewhat unfit me for the painful duty of placing you in possession of the melancholy facts attending my son's assassination, but I will do my best to render the harrowing story as intelligible as possible.

"Two hours ago my son was discovered by myself lying upon the front doorstep of this house. He had been stabbed in the breast, and was mortally wounded when I discovered him, but as I raised him in my arms, he held out his hand, in which a plain gold ring, was clutched, and with his last dying breath he uttered these words, exactly as I now repeat them to you: 'This is my murderer's ring. The name is—' The sentence remained incompleated, and death forever sealed my son's lips before he could, as he evidently desired, make known the name of his assassin." Mr. Richards paused and his frame shook with emotion, but a moment later he murmured: "My poor, lost boy. He was my only

son. My loss is the most heart-rending that ever befell an affectionate parent."

I waited for a moment, and then I said gently: "And the ring—is it still in your possession?"

"It is," replied Mr. Richards, and opening a drawer in the writing-desk at which he sat, he drew forth a ring and placed it before me.

"That is the ring that belongs to the person who slew my son. That is 'the shadowy clue' by means of which I call upon you to find the assassin. Spare neither skill nor expense, my purse is open to you, and if my son's murderer is upon the face of the earth I ask you to hunt him down," said Mr. Richards.

"I will do my best, Mr. Richards. But you do not require an assurance of that from me," I replied earnestly, as I examined the ring attentively, Mr. Richards watching me the meanwhile with intencess, as though he half expected that some supernatural power would enable me to read the solution of the mystery in that simple golden band which he had termed "a shadowy clue."

The ring was a plain gold circlet stamped "18 carats," in unusually large figures, it seemed to me; but there was nothing else, no distinctive mark, no lettering or name to distinguish it from a thousand others.

With this plain gold ring then I was called upon to detect a murderer.

But how should I determine to whom this plain gold ring belonged, when thousands of plain gold rings were worn by an equal number of different persons in the city?

The one clue which fate had placed in my hands was not only a shadowy one, but one which for the moment seemed to me absolutely a mockery. I did not betray to Mr. Richards what was passing in my mind.

"I will retain possession of this ring for the present, Mr. Richards, with your permission," I said, placing the ring in my pocketbook. "And now, please give me a correct idea of your son's character, his associates, habits, and particularly inform me from whence he came to-night when you found him dying on the threshold of his home?"

"You touch upon a subject which is extremely painful to me. Paul was what is termed a 'fast' young man, and although there was nothing intrinsically bad in his character, his associates were frequently such as I could not approve of. As to where he passed the time immediately preceding his return home, I have not the slightest idea. There can be no doubt, however, that the fatal stab that occasioned his death was inflicted on the steps of this house," replied Mr. Richards.

"Undoubtedly such is the fact, and I have already quite naturally formed the theory that in the struggle which took place between your son and his assassin when he was murdered, the deceased clutched the hand of his assailant and tore from it the plain gold ring, which must therefore have fitted its owner's hand very loosely," said I.

"Such ~~was~~ my own inference," answered Mr. Richards.

"I would like to view the remains," I said after a moment of reflection.

Without a word Mr. Richards arose and conducted me to a room in which the body of the murdered man lay, and I inspected it to my entire satisfaction, noting the fact that the wound which had occasioned the young man's death had been inflicted by a narrow-bladed instrument, probably a small dagger, or similar weapon.

After this I took my leave, assuring Richards that he should hear from me the moment I had acquired any information that would interest him.

On the way to my office I rapidly revolved all the facts of this mysterious case in my mind, and resolved upon the only mode of procedure which seemed feasible.

With the assistance of an expert assayer I that night subjected the plain gold ring to the most minute test known to experts, and we found, not a little to our surprise, that the ring marked 18 carats was really but 7 1-2 carats gold, the remainder of its composition being an alloy of base metal.

My first proceeding the following morning was to determine by whom these fraudulently marked rings were manufactured.

This, as may well be supposed, was no easy task; but a couple of expert and cunning assistants of mine undertook to obtain the desired information by assuming the character of country jewelry dealers, and before night I interviewed the senior member of the firm of Brooks & Brother, jewelry manufacturers, whom our researches indicated as the most likely firm to seek further information from.

Introducing myself as a country dealer, I produced the ring which I had received from Mr. Richards, and after having bargained for a large bill of goods, I casually remarked that a fellow-townsmen of mine had that day purchased it at a surprisingly low retail price.

"By the way, Mr. Brooks," I added, "I think that a ring of this grade, particularly if it were stamped 18 carats, would suit a certain class of my trade, and I should like to purchase some."

"Indeed," said Mr. Brooks; and then with a cunning laugh he added: "We are the only parties who can accommodate you in this city. To tell the truth, we manufactured a few gross of those cheap rings with false marks for a special trade in the West. We have only disposed of one gross of them in this city, and those were taken

on trial by a small retail dealer on Broad street; so your friend must have purchased that ring of him, for I recognize it as one of our make."

"Very well, Mr. Brooks. You may add four gross of these rings to my order at the usual discount. I think, now that you refer to it, that my friend told me that he purchased the ring of a dealer on Broad street by the name of Clark," I said, carelessly.

"No, no; not Clark. You must be mistaken in the name, for we sold our goods to James Lamb, No. — Broad street," said Mr. Brooks.

I thus, without exciting the least suspicion, obtained the very information which I most desired, and without unnecessary delay took my leave of Brooks; and I have no doubt that enterprising man wondered for a long time why I never returned to his place of business.

I found Mr. Lamb at his place of business on Broad street, and at once asked to look at some plain rings.

I was shown a good many of them, but none suited me, until at last Lamb produced a large tray of plain gold rings, and placing them before me, he remarked:

"Here are some rings stamped 18 carat, and having every appearance of genuine goods, which are really an excellent article, and will wear almost as well as the best, which I can sell at very low figures."

I examined the rings, and was satisfied at once, from the fact that the branding-stamp was unusually large, like that upon the ring in my possession, that it had come from this lot of rings. But I appeared to think the price too high, and remarked that they should be sold much cheaper.

"No, sir; I can show you the bill. Those goods cost me just what's marked there. You can see they came from Brooks & Brother," said Mr. Lamb, placing a bill before me.

All doubt was now at an end, and I purchased one of the rings, remarking:

"I presume you sell a large number of these rings?"

"Well, no. The fact is I have sold but one before you purchased yours, and I've had them in stock a week. I sold the other ring day before yesterday."

"Indeed! Well, the fact is a friend of mine loaned me a ring the other day so exactly like these that I am almost sure he purchased it here. I had the misfortune to lose the ring, and I am purchasing this to replace it. Now, if my friend should find out that I had returned an imitation 18 carat ring, instead of the one I borrowed, it might cause me trouble if he did not purchase one of these rings. I am anxious to satisfy myself on this point before I give him this ring. Do you remember the man to whom you sold the one ring you disposed of from this lot before my purchase," said I.

"Yes, I remember that he was a young man,

loudly dressed, wearing a silk hat; and—let me see—he had a black mustache and curling black hair. He looked like a sporting character. I remember he asked me where he could buy playing cards in this neighborhood and I directed him to the stationery and fancy goods store opposite. I think he went there," answered Mr. Lamb.

"You have described my friend. I shall now have no compunctions about giving him this ring in place of the one I borrowed," said I; and quitting the jewelry store I crossed the street and entered the stationery store.

"Let me look at some playing cards?" I asked.

A clerk at once complied.

"Here are some imported, enameled, round-cornered, indexed-faced cards that are very popular among sporting men, and the only kind we now keep," he said, producing them.

"Do you remember selling any of these cards to a young man loudly dressed, and wearing a black mustache and black curly hair, day before yesterday?" I asked.

"I sold a pack of these cards to the person you describe," replied the clerk, whom my words and manner disarmed of any momentary doubt which he may have entertained of the propriety of telling what I wished to know.

Thus far I had succeeded better than I expected, and my shadowy clue was developing substantial facts.

I had obtained not only a description of the man who had owned the gold ring found in the hand of the murdered man, but I had also gathered enough information regarding him to warrant the supposition that he was a sporting man—possibly a professional gambler.

I was somewhat elated at my uniform success in my researches thus far, and devoted every faculty of my mind to the further prosecution of this interesting investigation.

That night I rambled among the gambling dens of the city, visiting each place where I knew a poker game to be running.

My object was, of course, to "spot" the man whose description I had obtained from the jeweler.

In this I seemed doomed to disappointment; and having failed to find any one corresponding to the description of the man who had purchased the ring, and whom I now believed to be the murderer of Paul Richards, I began to think that he must have "jumped" the town immediately after committing the crime.

I telegraphed the description of the supposed murderer to my correspondents—trustworthy detectives in all the principal cities—requesting them to arrest him on sight as a fugitive from justice.

Three days passed, and no news of the man I wanted was received.

I was not idle during this time, and nightly hunted the gambling houses.

Another week went by, and I began to fear that, after all, the shadowy clue afforded by the ring was to avail not in the detection of young Richards' assassin.

Yet I did not really despair. I never do that until even the shadow of hope is lost.

One evening I sauntered into a beer garden, and seating myself upon a bench near the entrance, I reclined there, with my hat pulled down over my eyes and my feet upon the stand of an evergreen tree in a tub that stood near. I suppose I must have unconsciously assumed the attitude of a drunken man, for presently I felt a smart rap, and looking up, I saw a young man in the act of repeating the application of his cane which had disturbed me.

Directly behind this person were a stoutly built man and a younger and very handsome youth, with a slender form and a small, dark mustache, who were approaching arm in arm.

But in an instant I had eyes only for the young man who had disturbed me with his cane, for he was the original of the party whose description I had obtained from the Broad street jeweler.

At last I had found my man.

I rubbed my eyes sleepily, and muttered like an intoxicated person.

"Wake up, you old guy, and have some style about you. Brace up, and get out. They're a-going to close up, and you'll get fired, if you try to sleep here," my man said, in a harsh tone.

"Leave him alone, Dick," said the younger of the two men behind the man who addressed me, in a singularly clear and musical voice.

With another jeering remark, the man called Dick joined his two companions, and the three passed on out of the garden.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that I shadowed them.

They took a limousine at the first corner and went uptown to a fashionable roadhouse, where there was a private poker room.

I folded up my slouched hat, placed it in my pocket, from which I had taken a blonde wig and whiskers, and which I at once donned, and, putting on a cap which I had in another pocket, I entered the barroom, and, having displayed a considerable sum of money, I was finally invited by the man called Dick to make the fourth in a game of poker with himself and his two companions.

This was what I was working for, and I somewhat reluctantly consented to play.

We repaired to a small room in the rear of the bar, which was sacred to the great American game.

Dick produced a pack of cards; and here was another confirmation of his identity with the man who had bought the plain gold ring, for the cards were the same as those I saw at the stationery store opposite Mr. Lamb's establishment on Broad street.

Now, seated at the card-table, I had a good

chance to study the face of the man whom I suspected to be a murderer, and I soon convinced myself that he was a desperate party.

But as I turned my covert scrutiny upon the handsome youth with the dark mustache, certain peculiarities of form, coupled with the beauty of his complexion, aroused in my mind a surprising suspicion.

I waited for him to speak, and when he did so I was assured that my suspicion was correct; there was no doubt that the seeming young man was a woman in disguise!

We played for some time, and I was not long in determining that I would secure the suspected man, but I did not wish to betray that I was a detective. My plan was to ply him with drink, appear to get drunk myself, then pick a quarrel and manage to have myself and the suspected man both arrested.

Then in jail, as we sobered up, I meant to win his confidence.

This is an old game, but it works well, even with very "fly" criminals.

But I soon found that I was in the hands of professional swindlers, and realized that if I continued to play long I should lose more money than I cared to.

I determined to bring matters to a crisis, and detecting Dick in cheating for about the tenth time, I suddenly sprang to my feet and grasped him by the throat, exclaiming like a drunken man:

"You can't come that on me, don't you forget it. You are a cheat and a swindler!"

We struggled through the card-room door out into the barroom, and Dick's two pals followed.

The man strove to aid Dick, but I kept upon my guard, and prevented his doing so, while I clung to my man, shouting:

"Police! Police!"

The bartenders and the occupants of the place surged toward us, and two burly policemen were just entering by the street door, when Dick's male companion suddenly tripped me, and as I fell he dealt me a terrible blow on the head with a billy. I saw stars. That was not the first time that I had been knocked senseless by a party whom I wanted, but that was a little the hardest rap I ever received, and it came very near fracturing my skull.

I did not come to for some time, and when I did return to consciousness in the police station, to which the officers had conveyed me, I was informed that I was charged with being drunk and disorderly, and that my companions in the gambling room had escaped.

A word as to my identity secured my release and somewhat crestfallen I repaired to a well-known gambling house, which I had heard Dick frequented.

Before doing so, I make a complete change in my disguise. And reaching the gaming rooms I

found in the poker room the trio of whom I was in search. Without any suspicion they gladly permitted me to join in a four-hander.

I now observed that the man called Dick, whom I had spotted as an assassin, had very large, clumsy-looking hands, and I saw with great disappointment that he could never have worn the plain gold ring, neither could his male companion.

But the woman could!

I studied her more closely than before, and was soon convinced that she was in terrible trouble, for her manner was preoccupied, her face deadly pale, and her eyes were haggard and full of a look of deadly fear.

In the course of the game she went broke, and recklessly staked a pearl ring.

I won the pot that time, and in my hand, under the table, I compared the ring belonging to her to the one in my possession.

They were of the same size, and it seemed to me that they had both been intended for her hand.

Suddenly, while Dick was dealing, I produced the ring I had received from Mr. Richards, and placing it upon the table, I turned to the woman, and said:

"Here is another ring of yours!"

I spoke at a venture, merely to test my suspicions. The result startled me, although I had an idea that the woman in male attire might after all be the assassin.

"My heavens!" screamed the woman, at sight of the plain gold ring; "I left it in his hand! I am lost! I am lost!" and with this despairing cry she sank from her chair, limp and lifeless, upon the floor.

Dick and his companions sprang to their feet, and were out of the room before I could prevent their escape.

I conveyed the woman to the police station.

She was hysterical for a time; but when she became somewhat composed I said to her:

"Why did you kill Paul Richards?"

"I will confess. I killed him through a horrible mistake, for I loved him.

"Years ago the man whom you have heard me call Dick induced me to leave my home and elope with him under promise of marriage. He brought me to New York, and thence to this city, where I have since lived. He refused to marry me, and, deserted and betrayed, I became a lost woman. Finally I made the acquaintance of Paul Richards, and loved him. I supposed that I should never see Dick again, for he had not been in the city for years.

"Paul Richards established me in a handsome house, and I was well supplied with money; but a short time later Dick returned, found me out, and has since persecuted me in every way, and forced me to pay him money under the threat that if I refused he would lead the man whom I

loved—Paul Richards—to think that I was untrue to him. At last the demands of the man became so extortionate I forbade him the house.

"The evening of the death of Paul, Dick, who resembles Paul in height and form, came to my house attired in exact imitation of my dear friend. In the dusk of the evening he thus deceived my servants, who had been instructed never to admit him, and found his way to me, and demanded a sum of money which I could not pay him.

"I ordered him from the house, and he left swearing he would go at once to Paul and tell him a story that would cause him to loathe and despise me; for with great cunning he had brought about a series of circumstances which would substantiate his story, and which I could not explain.

"When he was gone I paced the room, frantic with rage and despair.

"At last, arming myself with a dagger, I rushed from the house, and for the time I was mad.

"I made my way to the house of Paul's parents, and in the darkness I thought I saw Dick ascending the steps.

"I sprang forward and stabbed him to the heart, but as he fell he clutched my hand, and the plain ring came off in his grasp.

"I strove to tear the ring from his dying hold, and then it was that I discovered that I had slain Paul.

"I heard footsteps approaching, and turned to flee, when I came face to face with Dick.

"I flew at him like a tigress, but he disarmed me; and comprehending that I had slain the man I loved, intending to kill him, he has since that dreadful night made me his slave, by the bondage of an awful fear."

Thus the woman, who gave the name of Irene Hurst, concluded the terrible confession she made to me.

The next morning she was found dead in her cell, and the post-mortem revealed the fact that she had died of poison. She must have had the poison in her possession when I arrested her.

I reported all to Mr. Richards, and at his request I promised to keep the matter a secret.

As ten years have passed, and I have changed the name of the parties, I think that I have not been guilty of a breach of confidence in relating the history of the case.

ATTEMPTS TO REJUVENATE OLD AROUSE CLERGY

NOT "Can the old be made young?" but "Is it right to try to make the old young?" is a question that is now beginning to receive earnest consideration from the religious leaders of Europe, says Robert J. Press, Universal Service Staff Correspondent, in a letter from London.

Whether the churches will fight the scientists on their rejuvenation experiments just as they fought them with the Darwinian theory was first communicated to the world is not definitely decided one way or the other, but in England at least the clergy are talking openly of pulpit attacks on what they regard as crazy attempts to thwart the will of God and prevent the true course of nature.

Not much attention is paid to these threats by the scientists. In practically every European country the search for the elixir of youth remains the all-absorbing problem. In England Prof. Leonard Huxley relies on injections of thyroid gland to revive man's failing vitality; in France Prof. Voronoff is trying to put "pep" into the aged by grafting on man intestinal glands taken from monkeys; in Austria Dr. Eugen Steinbach is trying to make old people young again by the revival of the germ glands and the use of X-rays, and in Germany Prof. William Roux, director of the Anatomical Institute of Halle University, is experimenting along the same lines as the Austrian scientist.

Details of the Austro-German experiments that have just come to light show that the claim is definitely made that people can be young at

seventy. Dr. Steinbach, a typical scientist, with long gray beard, sharp features and energetic eyes, states that he began experimenting on a rat ten years ago. After two years he discovered that senile rats showed renewed youth within four weeks of an operation on the germ gland or treatment with X-rays. They carried their heads high, their eyes were bright again and their fur coats thick and woolly. Descendants of the rejuvenated animals developed splendidly.

To the objection that the world was getting a little tired of wonderful stories of rejuvenated animals, Dr. Steinbach replied that he had also rejuvenated human beings. He performed operations on three men on occasions when they were receiving surgical treatment for some other reason. He kept the fact of his having performed this special operation a secret and the patients are still unaware of what happened to them. The three experiments were successful and after two months the patients regained their vital energy.

Dr. Steinbach displays a letter from a seventy-one-year-old man, who states:

"I am feeling rejuvenated in every way; my hair and nails are growing more quickly than before, my appetite is similar to that of a thirty-year-old man, and my general appearance is like that of a man in the fifties. The trembling of my hands has disappeared entirely."

Women treated with X-rays showed similar results, says Steinbach.

Kundalini

By WENDELL SCOTT

FROM my window I can see down into a mill yard; at the far side of the yard a large steel-mill is located. Piles of steel bars and quantities of iron or steel are heaped here and there on the ground, and at times great lumps of hot steel are brought from the mill in a strong iron truck with wide wheels which is pushed or pulled by workmen far out into the yard and the hot metal dumped upon the ground, where it is left until needed.

One of these lumps of hot steel caused me to glance out of the window; it was an exceedingly large lump and very hot, so hot that the light reflected into my room. I was sitting at a writing table when the light flashed across the table. Getting up I went to the window and watched the workmen tumble the hot metal out of the truck. I waited until the red glow died away, then resumed my seat at the table.

I had been trying to write, but my mind was not clear. I could not think as I wished and my eyes were resting upon a small idol which I used as a paper-weight. I had purchased the idol from a Syrian, whom I chanced to see displaying it to some of his friends. The Syrian told me that he had brought the idol from India, where it had been given to him by a Hindu in trade for a package of cigarettes.

"He is bad luck if I sell him!" the Syrian said, but he seemed well enough pleased to accept the two dollars I offered for it.

There is something queer about the idol which the Syrian was demonstrating to his friends, when I encountered them in a side street. When one spins the idol, it will turn around a few times, then after coming to rest it remains still a moment, then moves again; the second movement is slight, but enough to be plainly noticeable.

I sat staring blankly at the idol and a strange mark attracted my attention, so I took it up to examine the mark which I found to be an old one, but until then had passed unnoticed.

While holding it in my hand my thoughts wandered to India. It's queer, I thought, that anyone would worship such a thing, yet we all know that to be the case, and I wondered how many, or if any, had worshiped this particular idol. I smoothed his ugly little head with my finger. You're a homely little fellow, Shepoo—the Syrian had told me the idol was called Shepoo—but still there is something winning about you, and I cannot help but like you a little in spite of your hideousness. I said the words aloud and was about to set the idol down upon the table when

a queer sensation overwhelmed me; the idol seemed to quirk as though to release himself. I felt foolish for thinking such a thing, and smiling a little I set him down, giving him a slight twist. He twirled around a few times, then stopped, remained still a moment, then wobbled so much that he held my attention.

In wonder I picked him up again and holding him in my hand I said aloud, "What makes you do that, Shepoo?" Odd as it may seem, I plainly felt a pulsation not unlike the heartbeat of a living thing. Astonished at the queer thumping in his side I held him to my ear, but I could not hear the sound. I shook him violently, then held him to my ear again.

"Don't call me Shepoo. My name is Kundalini."

"Kundalini!" I repeated, aloud.

"That's me," he said plainly.

If I did not hear those words I felt them, but they come to me so clearly that I cannot account for them in any other way.

"Damn you!" I ejaculated before I thought, and I set him down hard upon the table. He fell over on his side and I set him upright, but he fell over again. Somewhat unnerved and feeling downright foolish, I jumped to my feet and went to the window. Upon reaching the window I heard a slight noise, and glancing back I saw Shepoo, or Kundalini, right himself and wobble on the table. This, however, did not surprise me much, for I had often seen him do that before.

I stood gazing out of the window at the piece of iron that I had seen the workmen bring from the mill. How long I stood at the window I cannot say, but several minutes passed before I again took my place at the table. Leaning back in my chair, I put my feet across the corner of the table; then lighting my pipe, I blew several puffs of smoke towards the ceiling. Really I half feared to look at the idol, but finally I picked it up again.

"So your name is Kundalini, is it?" I said aloud, and again I felt the strange throb in his side.

I had seen the little idol make some queer moves, but I had never experienced the strange throbbing before, and coming to myself I began to wonder what caused it. I was tempted to break it to see if there was anything inside, but it was so heavy, and no sound could be heard when it was shaken that I felt certain it was made of solid metal.

I sat smoking for some time. "That's me. That's me," seemed to be ringing in my ears. I smoked all the tobacco the pipe contained, still holding Kundalini in my hand, and I had almost

forgotten him when the strange beating became apparent again.

Feeling more at ease and less superstitious, I put the idol to my ear, and I seemed to hear a wee voice say. "Look out the window!" Heeding the impulse, I went to the window and looked towards the mill. I could see a hot piece of metal being moved about and hear a loud report now and then which, however, was not an unfamiliar sound. Then again the workmen came from the mill with another lump of hot iron.

While they were trying to dump the metal from the truck, I could tell by the movements of the men that they were having trouble, the iron was either sticking to the truck, or too heavy for them to handle. Then suddenly the truck overturned, striking one of the men and knocking him to the ground, and the heavy piece of metal fell upon him.

Rushing from my room, I arrived just as the workmen had succeeded in removing the hot

metal from the man's body. He was still alive, but horribly burned and unable to speak. I was standing quite close to him and the wild expression in his eyes attracted my attention; then I discovered that he was staring at the small idol which I had unconsciously carried out with me and was unaware of having in my hand until that moment.

Quickly dropping the idol into my pocket, I stepped up close to the man and was about to speak to him, but his eyes closed and my voice left me, horror gripped my heart. He was the very man from whom I had purchased the idol.

Strange as all this may seem, the little idol is still in my possession, and often when I am alone I ask him a question, or try to feel the beat of his heart like I did that day. It may seem foolish, but if you had experienced what I have just related would you part with Kundalini, or would you keep him? Even though he is just a hideous little Hindu idol."

RUIN YIELDS WEIRD SECRETS

THREE years ago Earl H. Morris, representing the American Museum of Natural History, undertook the excavation of an ancient Pueblo ruin in Aztec, N. M. The work was begun at the public-spirited suggestion and through the courtesy of H. D. Abrams, the owner of the property, and is being financed from the Archer M. Huntington fund for surveying the Southwestern United States. Mr. Morris's early finds aroused considerable public interest, and the "Aztec ruin" became widely known as the first American apartment house.

During the past month the Museum party has uncovered a new section of the ruin revealing several rooms filled with sand and fallen debris. These rooms were in perfect condition, just as left by the last occupants. The ceilings were standing and the objects left by the inhabitants scattered about on the floor. Nothing had disturbed them except the fine layer of dust sifted over all. One of the rooms had been filled to the ceiling and was found to be a burial room. Mr. Morris wrote briefly to Dr. Clark Wissler, Curator of the Department of Anthropology at the American Museum, concerning his most recent findings:

"In two second-story chambers there was a large accumulation of dry refuse. One of these yielded some excellent specimens of textiles and a burial with wrappings in a very good state of preservation. Above the refuse in the other room there was upon the fallen third floor a surprising number of stone implements, several bone tools, some beautifully worked wooden boards, seven coiled basket plaques (three well preserved), and a digging implement with handle of wood and blade of mountain sheep horn. In the refuse beneath this layer we have to date found the burials of five children (three with wrappings

perfectly preserved), four baskets in excellent shape, a wooden dipper, some beads and various odds and ends. Three-fourths of the deposit is still to be gone over. The outer covering of the wrapped bodies is particularly interesting. Each body was placed upon a rush mat. Then the sides were folded inward, and one doubled upward. The whole was then tied into a long package with cord or yuca strips. As yet I have not opened any of the bundles, so do not know what the interiors may contain besides the bones. These finds certainly are important. They are entirely different from anything we have previously uncovered."

In contrast to the tiny cliff houses of the Park, the great Pueblo ruin, with its 300 square feet of area and its 400-odd rooms, is wonderfully impressive. The greater part of the remains is now uncovered, and visitors may walk over the tops of the massive walls, gazing down into the many chambers. The cedar logs, from eight to twelve inches in diameter, which support the floors and ceilings of all the rooms, were conveyed from a distance. No such trees grow in the vicinity of Aztec, nor are there any indications that they have ever grown there. But if one follows the course of the Animas River toward its source in the mountains, he will, after a journey of 100 to 150 miles, reach an ancient forest where great cedars grow. This river passes within a few rods of the ruin. It is therefore safe to infer that the ancient builders of the present ruin journeyed to the forests above, cut these huge logs, and rafted them down the stream. As they lived in a stone age and had no tools of metal, these logs were worked with stone axes. Their ends are cut smooth and square and one can still see on their surfaces the marks of the stone tools.

The Butt Of A Cigar

By AGNES GRANVILLE

DETECTIVE JOE BURNS was given a hard case to solve.

There had been a bold robbery committed, the thief—there was evidently but one person engaged in the job—getting away with considerable plunder.

The house of old Mr. Arkwright—old Noah Arkwright, the retired ship-builder—had been entered at night, the safe opened, and a quantity of money, one or two gold watches, and other valuables taken.

The safe was in the old man's sleeping room, and as he was a light sleeper, and invariably awoke at the slightest noise, the robbery was considered to be a most adroit one.

The house was the summer residence of the old gentleman, overlooking the ocean, and was considered, for a country house, to be very secure.

However, the robber entered it at the lower rear door, passed upstairs to the sleeping apartment of old Arkwright, forced the lock, entered, forced the safe, and helped himself to its contents, and walked out again without being disturbed, the old man being asleep all the time.

In the soft ground, just in the rear of the house, were found the tracks of one person—it had rained during the day—and on the stairs the muddy imprint of but one pair of boots.

A single pair of heavy woolen socks—used to deaden the sound of footsteps—was found in the kitchen, where one plate and one glass had been left on the table, the thief having partaken of a repast after having finished his work on the upper floors.

The muddy tracks were seen—fainter as they went higher—as far as the middle of the second flight, where the man evidently stopped to put on his socks, and but one set of tracks was seen, proving conclusively that but one person had been engaged in the work.

It was an audacious thief, for on the top of the safe had been left the butt or stump of a cigar, which had evidently been smoked while the man was at work, cigar ashes being scattered on the shelf.

Old Arkwright never smoked; he hated the smell of a cigar, even in the open air, and yet here was a man who had smoked two-thirds of a cigar in his room without waking him.

The lock of the door had been burst off, the safe had been forced with no evident attempt at keeping silence, and yet the old man swore that he had not waked all night.

Joe measured the tracks, took the socks and cigar stump, began putting one thing and an-

other together, and made up his mind that he had but small chance of detecting the robber.

The thief had eaten cold corned-beef and cabbage, and drank wine; the cigar was a prime Havana, better than he smoked, so here was a puzzle at the start; for he could have had cold chicken and champagne, both of which were in the pantry, but took the other instead, and that, too, after smoking such a splendid cigar.

The socks were coarse and not overclean, but the footprints showed that a very dainty, well-made boot had been worn by the fellow.

Had everything been in keeping, Joe would have looked either for a regular rough and tumble burglar or for the gentlemanly sort—for there are both in the profession—but this man evidently possessed the qualities of both.

Finally the butt of the cigar settled the case for the detective.

The man was a gentlemanly burglar trying to make it appear that he was one of the rough sort—hence the dirty socks and the corned beef and wine.

But why did old Arkwright sleep through it all? Could he have been drugged?

He might have been after the man came in, but he certainly could not have been before; and by the look of the door the man must have made noise enough to have waked him a dozen times.

Here Joe began to dwell upon trifles again, and once more examined the cigar butt, lighting it so as to get the full flavor.

As he was about to throw down the lighted match he passed it along the small end of the cigar, and instantly it blazed up more brightly, the flame being a pale pink.

Joe then smelled the cigar, and detected the faintest pungency in it, as if it had been held by a person who had previously been handling some drug.

The officer now felt certain that the old man had been drugged, and that the thief had first entered the room with the utmost care, afterwards disfiguring the door so as to make it appear to have been violently forced.

Again the detective turned attention to trifles, and noticed what he had before overlooked, a handkerchief thrown carelessly over a chair back.

Joe had at first supposed it to be old Arkwright's—he had called Joe in as soon as the robbery was discovered—and Joe now took it up to examine it more closely.

There was a slight odor upon it. Not that of cologne, but of some powerful drug.

The handkerchief was a very fine cambric one,

hemstitched and with the initial "B" worked in silk in one corner.

It could not belong to old Arkwright, and in fact did not, as he told Joe, and must, therefore, have belonged to the thief.

Joe now began to look more closely at the safe, and having experience in such matters, quickly came to the conclusion that it had first been opened with the utmost care, without doing it any injury, and that when the thief had taken all he wanted, he had battered the lock and smashed the door with a sledge or heavy jimmy.

And all this had been found out by means of the butt of a cigar.

Having settled conclusively that the burglar was one of the genteel class, the officer determined to go about among the hotel and cottage residents of the place, and see if any such had taken up their summer abode in the town—a fashionable watering-place, by the way.

At the "Walsingham," the crack hotel of the place, Joe made himself most agreeable, and having played brilliantly once or twice and won, called for a cigar.

A waiter brought him a box, but he pretended not to like them and made him show others, until Joe had seen all that there was in the stock.

"The cigars here are really beastly," said the young fellow with whom Joe had played—a regular fast man about town. "Try one of mine."

He handed Joe a really superb cigar, and Joe felt a thrill go all over him as he lit and puffed at it.

The detective had looked over the hotel stock in hopes of finding a certain kind of cigar, and this young man had given Joe one, and it was the very counterpart of that which the burglar had left behind, the ash, the odor, the wrapper—everything was the same!

"That's a fine cigar," remarked the detective.

"Yes; costs a fine price, too, but then, you know, I can't smoke poor cigars; they make me sick."

The next game he won, and Joe stood treat, his young gentleman calling for a glass of champagne.

When he had drank his wine he wiped his mouth with a fine hemstitched cambric handkerchief, having a "B" worked in silk in one corner.

"All right, my fast young friend," Joe inwardly remarked; "I've got you down fine. You know something about the robbery of last night."

It was now late in the afternoon.

"Excuse the seeming impertinence," the officer said, "but it must cost you something to live."

He blushed, seemed greatly pleased, and said:

"Yes, by Jove! it does, for I won't have anything but the best of everything; but then, you know that dad is well fixed, and I'm his heir, and will get all his boodle, and what I spend is really nothing, you know. Will you play another game?"

"I don't know as I can. I am somewhat behindhand now. I have an appointment. What time is it, anyhow?" asked the officer.

He took out his watch, which he displayed most ostentatiously, and told Joe the time.

The detective remarked that watch particularly and had a good opportunity to examine it, for when he admired it and asked to look at it, he gave it into Joe's hands, evidently very much pleased; and Burns at once recognized it as one which had been stolen from old Arkwright's safe.

He himself had described it minutely, as well as the chain, and the officer was sure that this was the same.

"I don't care if I do play again," Joe replied, handing him back his watch; and this time he beat him, and, having no small change, he took out a well-filled pocketbook, and foolishly displayed a large roll of crisp new bills, many of them of a high denomination.

The fool actually had the impudence to lay a fifty right under Joe's nose on the table, and he saw the number of it.

Old Arkwright had the numbers of his bills down in a memorandum book, and Joe had copied it and knew how the numbers ran, and this very bill was one of the set.

After another game, which the officer won, the same ostentatious display of money took place, and then Joe proposed taking a plunge in the sea, the tide being on the rise and the water delightful.

Young Brookfield—so he called himself—acquiesced, and Joe went down to the beach, which was crowded with bathers, nearly all the houses being taken, some of them having two occupants.

"We can use the same house," the detective said. "I don't mind dressing with a gentleman, and particularly such an agreeable one!"

This tickled him, and they entered the little house, Joe's companion disrobing first so as to make more room for the detective.

He had taken off his coat, collar, trousers and shoes, standing in his shirt and under clothing only, when Joe suddenly said:

"Mr. Brookfield, that was a clever robbery of yours last night at old Arkwright's, but I would advise you not to make such a foolish display of the money and jewelry which you obtained there, and not to smoke the same cigars at your hotel that you smoke at your work."

He turned as white as a sheet, and caught at the door for support.

"What do you mean?" he gasped.

"That I have been watching you, and want you for the little job at Arkwright's. You can't get away from me, for if you attempt it, I'll handcuff you and take you as you are right through the town."

He reeled against the door and it flew open.

In an instant he darted towards the beach. Joe

after him, bareheaded, and without time to draw his revolver.

He ran along the beach close to the water, and the detective fancied he was going to plunge in and commit suicide, although he had said he was a first-rate swimmer.

There had been a storm the day before, and the surf was now unusually high, the tide being on the rise as well.

Suddenly Burns heard a chorus of female shrieks and saw a number of lady bathers retreating inshore before a monstrous breaker.

His man did not see it apparently, and it struck him, knocked him down, and left him limp and helpless on the sands as it retreated.

He seemed stunned and unable to rise, and Joe thought he had most likely struck his head on a sunken rock, there being many on the beach.

If it ever struck him he would be killed, dashed against the rocks, or carried out to sea on the returning wave.

The detective sprang towards him and raised his limp form from the sands.

The monster wave was rushing at them, and in another instant would break.

It was a moment of most awful peril.

Dragging him from the spot, and lifting him up at the same moment, Joe threw the greater part of his weight on his shoulder and hurried up the beach with all speed.

Should the wave strike them, they would both be borne away, and Joe felt that he must not lose his prisoner, whatever the risk.

Suddenly, with an awful roar, the wave broke.

As it was, they were both deluged, but Joe was far enough up the beach to escape the worst of it, the force having been expended by the time it reached him.

Had it come upon him at the time he raised the young man up, we have no doubt that they would both have been drowned.

He carried the young man to the bathing-house and laid him out upon the bench, where he quickly recovered.

"Why did you attempt to escape me?" the detective asked. "You came precious near being drowned."

"I didn't see that wave. I was trying to reach Belcher. He's the man you want, and you must hurry, too, for he leaves here on the 7:10."

"What do I want him for?"

"For the burglary."

"Are you a pal of his?"

"No; but I'm a big fool."

"Why so?"

"My name is not Brookfield; it's Brown. My father isn't a millionaire, he's a milkman. I am only a clerk on twelve dollars a week, but I like to appear rich and to blow about it."

"Well, go on; that isn't all."

"I wasn't satisfied to spend my vacation at a cheap, quiet place, but must come here and put

on airs. Belcher saw me and flattered me, gave me cigars and money, lent me his nice handkerchiefs, gave me my watch, told me I was a boss boy, and that he'd catch an heiress with me."

"And so you are in borrowed plumage?"

"Yes, and I've been making a confounded ass of myself, all for my love of praise and wanting to make a show beyond my means. It's a dodge of Belcher's to throw the crime on me, and you'd better nab him quick, for I know he's going to beat it to-night."

"He's Byron Belcher, and he lives at the Walsingham. Smallish man—wears a neat boot, dresses well, black hair and mustache, scar on his forehead."

"But why do you think——"

"He gave me all I've got—watch, chain, money, everything! If I have the stolen property on me he's the man who stole it."

"And you saw him?"

"On the piazza of the bath-house office watching us."

"Wait here till I come back," and grabbing up the young fellow's outer clothing, Joe made for the office.

The officer saw a man such as Brown had described just going in, and heard some one address him as Belcher.

The detective approached him, and throwing down young Brown's clothes, took out the watch, and said:

"Mr. Belcher, where did you get this, and the money you gave that young fool that came near being drowned just now?"

He paled and turned to fly, but Joe was upon him in a moment, and Joe clinched, he trying to get his revolver, Joe handcuffs.

"I know you now," Joe cried, as I saw the scar turn white, his face being as red as fire from anger. "Your sign there is too well known to the police for you to deceive me."

Joe handcuffed and then searched him, finding more of old Arkwright's money on him, and in his room at the hotel the balance of the stolen property.

He held out until the detective showed him the handkerchief and cigar stump, but then he weakened and confessed all, saying in conclusion:

"I tried a new dodge this time—wanted it to seem as if a regular 'plug' had done it—and I guess I made some mistakes. I'd have fastened it on that young guy, though, and have got away to-night, but for you. Of course you know me"—he was really quite noted as a burglar—"but I confess I didn't think you'd turn out to be a detective. You're game, you are, and no mistake."

Byron Belcher got fifteen years in Sing Sing, and Arkwright got his property back. Young Brown got a lesson which he never forgot, and Burns got considerable fame and money out of the affair, and all on account of the butt of a cigar.

In The Tunnel

By DANIEL SCOTT

THE night express was speeding along on the great Northwestern route.

It was past midnight.

With a great whirl, buzz and roar of escaping steam, the ringing of the bell, and a shrill shriek from the locomotive, the train came to a stop, and the lights of a station winked and blinked through the gloom as I peered out of the window.

Presently two men entered the coach in which I sat, and the train moved on.

They took the two rear seats.

There was something in the appearance of the two passengers as they deposited their overcoats, hat-box and a valise that attracted my attention.

One of them was a man of perhaps sixty years of age, with a pale, care-worn face, while the other was a young, rather good-looking fellow, with a mustache.

Both men were well dressed, the younger wearing a handsome fur-trimmed overcoat, and a diamond ring flashed on a finger of his left hand.

They conversed low and earnestly.

I am a detective, and it must have been a sort of professional instinct that caused me to listen.

Indeed, I could not well avoid catching now and then a word, as I was seated very near them.

The noise of the train evidently was considered by them a sufficient guard against eavesdroppers, and it was not my fault that they were mistaken.

"Uncle, you are determined to marry Ethel Mandville?" the younger man demanded.

"Yes," sternly replied the other.

The next words were lost by the noise of the train.

"Oh, Uncle"—some words were lost again—"I confess I love her, and she was my promised wife before I left for college. Did you not suspect the truth? Can't you spare her?"

"No, I will not give her up. The old man, her father, is in my grip, and will be financially ruined unless Ethel becomes—"

Again I missed a few words.

"You are heartless," groaned the young man.

"Oscar Bardwell, be careful! Your future depends on me; do not offend me," the elder man said harshly.

"I cannot give Ethel up to you. Better poverty with her than wealth without her.

"Don't be a fool, John Harder. You are my uncle, and I owe to you everything; but I have a temper as well as yourself. I am in despair now. Don't make me desperate."

"Ethel Mandville has given you up by promising to be my wife. It's not a question of your giving her up, boy."

"She has been unduly influenced. You or her father have driven her to the sacrifice. She thinks it her duty to save her father by selling herself to you."

"Not another word! To-morrow Ethel will be my wife; no earthly power can prevent it."

Oscar Bardwell groaned.

At that instant a dark-bearded man in front of me uttered a half-suppressed exclamation. It sounded like an oath.

"Did you speak?" I asked him politely.

"No," he answered gruffly.

"You shall never be Ethel Mandville's husband. I swear you never shall," the youth went on.

Detective-like, I was in anticipation of some startling denouement, for I had stumbled upon a life drama of intense interest, in which these two men were leading actors.

Oscar Bardwell's face was by no means a bad one, but it was now convulsed with passion and hate, mingled with despair.

As I looked upon the young man's stern face, with its flashing eyes, firmly compressed lips and working muscles, I felt that in his nature there was a latent tiger that might, upon occasion, spring up and rend an enemy. Oscar Bardwell was not the man to do a mean or cruel deed, and yet, carried away by passion, I would not, from my study of his face have said that he could not be relentless to the man who dared to come between him and the woman he loved.

On, on sped the train, and I relapsed into a doze.

The conversation between Bardwell and Harder was not renewed.

I awoke with a start a short time later.

The train was entering the tunnel—a very long one, and intensely dark it was.

I turned in my seat with the object to observe the two men whose conversation I had overheard.

They still sat facing each other and there was the same expression on the face of Bardwell.

A moment and the train shot into the tunnel.

Suddenly, and from some cause, the nature of which I could not imagine, the lights in the coach were extinguished.

I felt some one brush by and I thought I heard the sound of a stifled groan.

I turned my head so that I should be the first to look upon the heartless old man and his nephew.

On, and yet on, through the tunnel, until I knew we had passed out of it. Then a trainman entered the coach.

Almost immediately the light which had been extinguished was turned on.

I saw Bardwell standing at the open window be-

tween the two rear seats, with a valise in his hand, in the act of motioning, as it seemed to me, to some one outside to come and take it.

It was the valise which his uncle had brought into the train, I saw at a glance, and the next instant the valise dropped out of the window, and Bardwell became seated.

There was no one seated opposite him. John Harder had disappeared.

I looked about the coach. Harder was not in it. I remembered that some one had brushed by me while the train was in the tunnel, and determined to satisfy myself beyond a doubt whether or not John Harder was on the train.

I went through every car. Harder was not on the train.

Instantly my detective instinct was aroused.

I determined to sift the mystery of John Harder's fate; and as I recollected the open window and Oscar Bardwell's significant gesture before he dropped his uncle's valise from the car window, an awful suspicion came to my mind.

I felt sure that a murder had been committed in the tunnel, and that Bardwell was the guilty man. I watched him again and saw that his face was paler.

The train rushed on, and at Payton, where passengers for the Grand Valley route changed, my man left the coach, and I did the same.

Bardwell asked the station agent if the Valley train was on time, consequently I knew he meant to take it.

I improved the forty minutes wait by telegraphing back to the signal station at the entrance of the tunnel to the men there to search the tunnel for the body of a man and a valise.

Before the forty minutes expired, back came a telegram from the signal station, stating that: "The body of a man, whose papers proved him to be John Harder, was found beside the track in the tunnel, and that the man had been stabbed to the heart with a knife. No valise had been found."

Before Bardwell boarded the Valley train I arrested him.

"On what charge?" he gasped.

"For the murder of your uncle, John Harder, committed in the tunnel on the Northwestern route to-night," I answered coolly.

"You are mistaken, sir, as I trust time will prove," said Bardwell, quietly.

He made no resistance as I led him to the lock-up.

The next morning I was eating breakfast at the hotel when the landlord rushed into the dining-room in a state of terror and excitement.

"Mr. Scott—oh, heavens!" he yelled.

"Come, quick; there's a madman in the office with a butcher-knife in his hand, and he's cuttin' up awful."

I bounded from the table, and rushed from the dining-room to the office.

There I saw a man leaping about, brandishing a knife, and yelling:

"I killed him—I killed him! I killed John Harder. Oh, ho!"

Instantly I recognized this violent maniac.

He was the dark-bearded man who had sat near me in the coach, and who had uttered a stifled curse when Bardwell's uncle refused to resign Edith Mandville.

I stole up behind the man and disarmed him.

About his neck, suspended by a chain, was a gold watch, upon which the name of "John Harder" was engraved.

"This must be the man who brushed by me in the tunnel. After all, it must be that he, and not Oscar Bardwell, killed John Harder," I thought.

I took the maniac to the station where Bardwell was confined, and within the lock-up Bardwell recognized him as Ethel Mandville's father.

Then Bardwell told me an odd story.

Mr. Mandville was insane some years before, but after spending a year in an asylum he was discharged cured.

Mandville was Harder's debtor, and financial troubles had again unsettled his mind.

In the tunnel Mandville had throttled Bardwell with one hand and stabbed Harder, whom he had promptly hurled through the window.

Bardwell said that, knowing he would probably fail in trying to induce his uncle to spare Edith Mandville, he had arranged with a friend to be in waiting at the end of the tunnel to receive his uncle's valise, which it had been agreed he should drop to his confederate through the car window, as the valise contained the papers proving Mr. Mandville's indebtedness, and without them Harder would be powerless to enforce his claims.

Being sure he could in this way block his uncle's game, as it were, Bardwell had been positive in vowing that he should not wed the girl, who was his own affianced wife.

I believed all that Bardwell said, and consequently procured his discharge.

Mandville had been locked in a cell near the one occupied during the night by Bardwell, and as I was leaving the lock-up the turnkey was coming out of the maniac's cell.

Mandville saw me, and with a fierce, snarling yell, he dashed down the turnkey, and leaped at me.

Then a desperate struggle followed.

The turnkey ran like a coward.

Bardwell had passed on to the office.

I was for some moments alone with the maniac, battling for my life, but at last help came in the shape of two persons, and he was overpowered.

Eventually Mandville was adjudged hopelessly mad, and consigned to the State insane asylum.

I never revealed my knowledge of who stole Harder's valise, and in less than a year after the death and burial of unfortunate Mandville, Oscar Bardwell and Edith were married.

The Meaning of Dreams

RULES TO KNOW THE TEMPER AND DISPOSITION OF EVERYONE

(Continued from No. 75.)

The Signs of a Phlegmatic Constitution are

1. The habit of the body cold and moist, in touch soft, fat, gross, and not hairy.
2. A constant natural whiteness or wanness in the face.
3. The pulse soft, slow, and rare.
4. The thirst little, and seldom desiring drink.
5. The dreams usually are of white things, floods, inundations, and accidents belonging to water.
6. Sleep much and frequent.
7. Slowness and dullness of the body to exercise.

The Signs of a Melancholy Constitution are

1. The body in touch cold, dry, lean, and smooth.
2. The body of a dark, dull, gloomy, leaden color.
3. The spittle in little quantity, and sour.
4. Pulse little, rare, and hard.
5. The dreams often of black and terrible things—as of spirits, ghosts, dreadful apparitions, choking and beheading mad beasts, as oxen, wolves and tigers ready to devour you.
6. Greatly oppressed with fear.
7. A stability in cogitations, and constancy in the performance of the thing intended.

The Physiognomical Signs of a Good Genius are

A straight erect body, neither over tall or short, between fat and thin, the flesh naturally soft, the skin neither soft nor rough, but a medium between; the complexion white, verging to a blush of redness; the hair between hard and soft, usually of a brown color, the head and face of a moderate size, the forehead rather high, the eyes manly, big and clear, of a blue or hazel color, the aspect mild and humane, the teeth so mixed that some are broad and some are narrow, a subtle tongue, and the voice between intense and remiss, the neck comely and smooth; the channel-bone of the throat appearing and moving; the back and ribs not over fleshy, the shoulders plain and slender, the hands indifferently long and smooth and equally distant, the nails white, mixed with red, and shining, and the carriage of the body erect in walking.

INCANTATIONS, CHARMS AND SPELLS

Fast of St. Anne's

This is a hard trial, but what is not impossible to any young lady who wishes to know her lot marriage, that most important change in human life?

Prepare yourself three days previous to the eve of this female saint, by living on bread and water and sprigs of parsley, and touch no other thing whatever, or our labor will be lost; the eve begins at the sixth hour. Go to bed as soon as you once begin to undress; get into bed, lay on your left side with your head as low as possible, then repeat the following verse three times:

St. Anne, in silver clouds descend,
Prove thyself a female's friend;
Be it good, or bring it harm,
Let me have knowledge from the charm;
Be it husbands one, two, three,
Let me in rotation see;
And if fate decrees me four
(No modest maid can wish for more),
Let me view them in my dream,
Fair and clearly to be seen;
But if the stars decree
Perpetual virginity,
Let me sleep on, and dreaming not,
I shall know my single lot.

Cupid's Nosegay

On the first night of the new moon in July take a red rose, a white rose, a yellow flower, a blue one, a sprig of rue and rosemary, and nine blades of long grass; bind all together with a lock of your own hair; kill a white pigeon; sprinkle the nosegay with the blood from the heart and some common salt; wrap the flowers in a white handkerchief, and lay it under your head on the pillow when you go to rest, and before morning you will see your fate as clear as if you had your nativity cast by the first astrologer in the kingdom, not only in respect to love, lovers, or marriage, but in the other most important affairs of your life; storms in this dream foretell great trouble, &c.

Love Presents and Witching Spells

Take three hairs from your head, roll them up in a small compact form, and anoint them with three drops of blood from the left hand fourth finger, choosing this because the anatomists say a vein goes from that finger to the heart; wear this in your bosom (taking care that none knows the secret) for nine days and nights; then inclose the hair in a secret cavity of a ring or brooch, and present it to your lover. While it is in his possession, it will have the effect of preserving his love, and leading his mind to dwell on you. A chain or plait of your own hair, mixed with that of a goat, and anointed with nine drops of the essence of ambergris, will have similar effect.

(To be continued)

Current News

AZTECS MADE USE OF CHINESE LETTERS

"Are we descended from the Chinese?" asked El Universal (Mexico) in big headlines in reporting some remarkable discoveries in an Aztec pyramid at Teotihuacan. There are great frescoes and an inscription in letters that have never before been found in Aztec remains, but which Fong Tsiang Kuang, Chinese Charge d'Affaires in Mexico City, identifies as old Chinese characters for "sun," "eye" and "city."

The Illustrated London News, in printing a tracing of the characters and photographs of the newly discovered temple, says:

"The discovery has created a great sensation among archaeologists as being the first linguistic corroboration of the theory (based on physical resemblance) that the primitive races of America were of Asiatic origin. Prof. John Fryer of California has declared that Buddhist missionaries from China first visited America in the fifth century A. D., some thousand years before Columbus. Buddha himself lived in the fifth century B. C. Aztec theology and the Aztec calendar also have Asiatic features. The newly found pyramid at Teotihuacan is associated with the Aztec god Quetzalcoatl, supposed to have come across the sea in the shape of a white man to teach the arts of civilization. His return was prophesied and Cortes on invading Mexico profited much by the popular belief that he was Quetzalcoatl.

PORCELAIN THAT CAN BE WORKED LIKE GLASS

It is well known both to the physicist and to the manufacturer that glass and porcelain behave very differently upon heating. While vessels of porcelain easily crack and burst and in consequence of this are not capable of taking a secondary alteration of form, most varieties of glass can be softened by heat and then bent, extended, or blown into the form desired. It is this quality of glass which is so useful to chemists and physicists in the laboratory and this is why glass is so greatly preferred to ordinary porcelain for the making of chemical and physical apparatus.

We learn that a Bavarian firm has lately succeeded in producing porcelain vessels which are highly resistant to changes of temperature. For the solution of this problem it was necessary to produce a glaze having exactly the same coefficient of expansion as the mass of porcelain itself. In this way it was possible to obtain porcelain vessels highly resistant both to temperature and to fracture since the cracking and bursting of porcelain apparatus at abrupt changes of temperature is usually due to the creation of

strains between the glaze and the mass as a result of unequal co-efficients of expansion of the two materials. These new porcelain vessels, on the contrary, can even have holes fused in their walls by an oxyhydrogen blow pipe without cracking. Moreover separate pieces of porcelain can be fused together exactly like glass, so that a porcelain tube, for example, can be fused into the wall of a dish. Finally this new porcelain can be softened and blown like glass. These qualities seem to assure it a wide usefulness.

THIRTY YEARS AMONG WILD TRIBESMEN

Dr. Ole Hanson, who made a language for the 500,000 Kachim tribesmen of upper Burma during his thirty years' stay among these people, and who organized thirteen Baptist churches among them and built twenty-nine schools for their children, is in New York explaining that he is not Ole Hansen, the radical eradicator of Seattle.

He went in 1890 among the people who dwell in the fastnesses of that part of wild Burma north of Mandalay, and from whose protective arms they swooped down periodically upon the plainsmen and looted their caravans. When he arrived they had no written language, no alphabet, no books, no schools, the sparest of agriculture, no morals. With the help of Mrs. Hanson, who teaches the Kachim girls weaving and has started a thriving weaving industry with many looms in operation Dr. Hanson began from the bottom to help the Kachims.

"I talked to them with my hands, learned their language, and spent four years reducing it to writing," said Dr. Hanson. "Then I spent a greater part of sixteen years writing a Kachim dictionary. To-day they have in Kachim language printed versions of the New Testament, hymn books, a part of the Old Testament, spelling books and other educational text books. The first linotype machine that came to India was equipped with Kachim type."

Between 6,000 and 7,000 natives have been taught to read and write, fighting factions have been brought to a peace basis, and agricultural effort has been so developed that famine conditions are rare.

Dr. Hanson is here conferring with William B. Lippard, Associate Secretary of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, concerning extension of work among the Kachims upon his return there in about a month. This extension will be made possible through the New World Movement of Northern Baptists, which is raising \$100,000,000 for Baptist work in this country and abroad.

PREHISTORIC FLEA IN HONEY

It is believed that the earliest food store laid aside for his wants by man, and which is still in existence, is a jar of honey found in an Egyptian tomb, and probably placed there for the sustenance of the dead during the journey across the Stygian River, says the American Forestry Magazine. When found, the honey had changed into a very dry candy and it had lost its sweetness, though it could still be identified as honey.

In the bottom of the jar, well covered with honey, was a dead flea of precisely the same sort as those which plague Egypt to this day. Apparently the insect had hopped into the jar while the last rites over the dead were being observed, and when the jar was corked, the little fellow was shut up within, and, like the true patriot, he probably could have declared that death was sweet. Anyway, he sank to the bottom while the honey was still soft, and there the archaeologists found him after a good many thousands of years.

JAPAN'S SACRED MOUNTAIN

Fuji is the name of Japan's most famous mountain, and, writes the Japanese correspondent of The London Morning Post, no Japanese thinks anything of himself until he has made some effort to ascend its sacred heights. To climb Fuji is a religious duty to most Japanese, while only a pleasure to some and a boast to others. Its graceful cone, like an inverted fan, is so familiar to all admirers of Japanese art that it needs no description here. But in Japan every mountain has a spirit; and the spirit of a beautiful or awe-inspiring mountain is to be strictly respected.

Evil people are not permitted to ascend it. This precaution was overlooked in the case of a profane foreigner, who went up the noted volcano Asama to get moving picture views of the crater; and his descent into the orifice to be photographed so offended the spirit of the mountain that for three years afterward the entire community for miles around was daily terrified by the fearful noises made by the mountain, which not only shook the earth all around, but emitted dreadful fumes and ejected stones a distance of twenty miles.

The first two weeks of August form the grand season each year for the ascent of Fuji, though one may go up any time between the middle of July and the first of September. In the climbing season all roads and railways are swarming with white clad pilgrims, whose gently tinkling bells announce their missions. Parties are all sizes, from two to two hundred, and one may see them straggling about in all towns and railway stations within one hundred miles of the mountain. Some go direct from home to the sacred heights, while others take in a number of shrines by the way.

Most of the pilgrims, of course, are poor. How, then, do they pay their way? It is not an expensive trip, to begin with, and every pilgrim be-

longs to a pilgrims' association, the members of which pay a trifle for membership fee in the hope of being so lucky as to draw the lot that decides which member of the association will represent the community in climbing Fuji that season. It is a great honor, for he conveys the respect and worship of the whole community to the spirit of the mountain. The various community representatives of the same district meet and form a party, traveling together and putting up at the same inn, in front of which they proudly float their banners. They move slowly, not being in a hurry, as it is the slack time between rice planting and harvest and the crop can take care of itself.

The average pilgrim is of the peasant class, with some artisans, to all of whom religion is a vital thing, especially the side of it that looks after the capricious moods and ways of the more terrible deities and tries to keep them pacified. The best of good humor prevails among a crowd of Fuji pilgrims during the trip, their camaraderie extending even to strangers they fall in with by the way. As they toil up the ashy, sloping sides of the cone they chant a religious ditty, their rosaries on their wrists. A huge parasol-like hat is worn on the head to keep off the torrid heat of the summer sun, and a yard or two of matting on the shoulder in case of a shower. Each bears a long white staff of new wood, which is branded by the priest who presides over each of the ten stations up the incline.

The first ten miles of the journey up the cone can be done on horseback, if one likes, though none of the pilgrims can afford this; but it is a tremendous help to get this lift 9,000 feet up. There are five trails by which you can ascend, all not equally easy, by any means. If the weather is fine magnificent views of the surrounding landscape for nearly a hundred miles are afforded all the way up, but should rain come on, one sees nothing, and may as well turn back, as a storm on the heights is no fun. One may be storm-stayed for days in a tiny hut with many others.

Fuji is 12,365 feet in height, and only 200 years ago was an active volcano. There are still signs of fire in the jets of steam that spurt from parts of the cone, though one may now descend the crater with safety. All about the base are great boiling springs, hot enough to cook an egg in a minute. These are known as Ojigoku, or "Great Hell." Whether the idea was taken from the Bible or not is not known. But Buddhism has plenty of hell of its own. Some 300,000 pilgrims ascend the cone every year; and this year, being a special one in sixty, according to the Japanese calendar, the number was much greater than usual.

The first woman to set foot on the top of Fuji was Lady Parkes, wife of the first British Minister to Japan, Sir Harry Parkes; and she accomplished the feat in 1867, when there was not a mile of railway in Japan.

NO WONDER

An elderly church warden, in shaving himself one Sunday before church time, made a slight cut with the razor on the extreme end of his nose. Quickly calling his wife, he asked her if she had any court-plaster in the house. "You will find some in my sewing machine basket," she said. The warden soon had the cut covered. At the church, in assisting with the collection, he noticed every one smile as he passed the plate, and some of the younger people laughed outright. Very much annoyed, he asked a friend if there was anything wrong with his appearance. "Well, I should think there is," was the answer. "What is that on your nose?" "Court-plaster." "No," said his friend, "it's the label of a spool of cotton. It says 'Warranted 200 yards long.'"

MUMMIES OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS

The Metropolitan Museum displayed in its fiftieth anniversary exhibition a diorite stone statue that has not received the attention due it. This is a statue of King Sahure of the fifth dynasty (2750-2625 B. C.), and is in a wonderful state of preservation, in spite of the fact that it had been buried for centuries and centuries in the ruins of Sahure's pyramid temple, under tons of sand and earth.

The mummy of Sahure was unearthed by German archaeologists prior to the discovery of the one by the Egyptians for their own museum. It is thought by many scholars to be the best preserved mummy yet found. The face of the mummy and the face of the diorite statue are so startlingly alike that their probable likeness to the King himself in life cannot be doubted.

The sculptors of ancient Egypt made all the statues, the face masks and coffins for the dead as nearly like the subject as was possible. A man had all his statues arranged for before death, and a very rich man took no chances on having poor work done. There were religious reasons for this. So powerful a king as Sahure indubitably employed one or more of the famous sculptors of his time.

In 3000 and 4000 B. C. the Egyptians believed in a life after death and in a day of resurrection—a belief brought out of Egypt by the Children of Israel and handed down by them to all subsequent Christians. No Biblical scholar now wholly disbelieves this. But the Egyptian belief was materialistic rather than spiritual; a tenet that took little or no account of the soul. The body was the thing. Hence mummies and statues in tombs.

The earliest race of Egyptians lived in the Nile Valley about 4000-3700 B. C. Men have found their cemeteries in numbers, although most traces of their villages and their art have disappeared. In that era mummies had not yet come into fashion, although some idea of a hereafter was theirs, as it is every primitive people's.

Their earliest burials are reminiscent of Indian

finds in our own country. The dead were laid in a contracted position in the grave with pottery and stone vessels containing (obviously) food and drink, and flint and stone implements of the chase; they are found upon the left side, with head toward the south and knees drawn up—"in an embryonic position ready to be born into a new world."

The whole cost of a good mummy was \$1,200—a sum that undoubtedly represented a small fortune in that day. The body lay in brine for thirty days, after which different preservatives were employed. A mixture of balsams and gums and spices was finally found most satisfactory, although bitumen, pitch and other ingredients all had their vogue. Nile mud and sawdust were first injected beneath the skin, to prevent shrinking.

Egyptians who were not rich were but indifferently preserved; and the very poor made shift to get to heaven without their bodies.

And Egypt had pyramids because of the mummies. These were simple great tombs of intricate interiors in which the dead might be kept safely for the last day. They were designed to be as palatial and comfortable as the wealth of the dead one permitted; security was essential, for robbing the graveyard was a favorite pastime in ancient Egypt.

A mummy might decay; it might be stolen or so mutilated and defaced that the risen dead could not recoupy it. Therefore a man had his mummy wonderfully incased and entombed. The body was placed first in a stucco and linen coffin, its face sometimes wearing a mask and sometimes merely swathed in mummy cloth; this coffin was set in another or wooden case, the wood being a statue of the deceased made true to life, only larger, into which the first case fitted.

Cases were sometimes multiplied, as in the tombs of great princes of certain eras, and as many as six and eight have been found, one within the other. The outer covering was a huge box of wood or granite, according to the period. They defied ghosts!

The Egyptians were taking no chances! So, statues of wood, of stone and of bronze were also fashioned in the likeness of the man and set about his tomb. As many as ten were found in one tomb of the eighteenth dynasty, on the assumption, one supposes, that the most tireless despoiler could not get rid of them all.

Sahure's diorite statue is not the only one found in a tomb that seems to have been an exceptional portrait of the dead buried there. These statues have been of incalculable value to archaeologists in visualizing the features and, therefrom, the probable moral and mental attributes of the ancient Egyptians.

Their utilitarian expression of the needs of the dead when he should rise again has furnished scholars with much material for reconstructing customs of that day.

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"It surely is," answered the party addressed.

"I heard you read forty years ago, and although I have never heard your voice since, I recognized it immediately," volunteered the former Mayor.

"Yes, I am Col. George A. Lyon, whom the papers call the seventy-year-old Harvard student. I did quite a bit of reading when I was in college. You know I had to work my way through. Come up to my rooms in Stoughton some time. You will always find the latch up, a good crowd there, a cup of tea or coffee and a good sized bowl of crackers," replied Lyon.

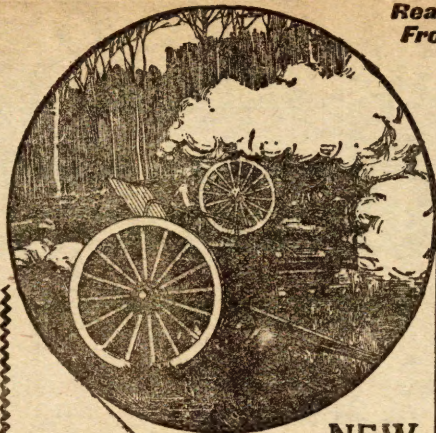
"I surely will," declared former Mayor Thurston as he walked away busy with memories, for the time he spoke of was his courting days, and she was at his side when Col. Lyon recited a rather appealing poem of love and romance.

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Read These Letters From Happy Boys:

Shows Clear Pictures

I have been very slow in sending you an answer. I received my Moving Picture Machine a few weeks ago and I think it is a dandy, and it shows the pictures clear just as you said it would. I am very proud of it. I thank you very much for it and I am glad to have it. I gave an entertainment two days after I got it. Leopold Lamontagne, of Summer Ave. Central Falls, R. I.

Sold His for \$10.00 and Ordered Another

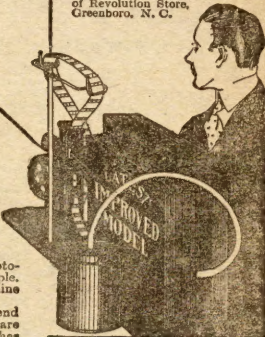
Some time ago I got one of your Machines and I am very much pleased with it. After working it for about a month I sold it for \$10.00 to a friend of mine. He has it and entertains his family nightly. I have now decided to get another one of your machines. Michael Ebereth, Mandan, N. Dak.

Would Not Give Away for \$25.00

My Moving Picture Machine is a good one and I would not give it away for \$25.00. It is the best machine I ever had and I wish everybody could have one. Addie Bruck, Jenneville, Pa. Box 34.

Better Than a \$12.00 Machine

I am slow about turning in my thanks to you, but my Moving Picture Machine is all right. I have had it a long time and it has not been broken yet. I have seen a \$12.00 Machine but would not swap mine for it. Robert Linberry, care of Revolution Store, Greensboro, N. C.

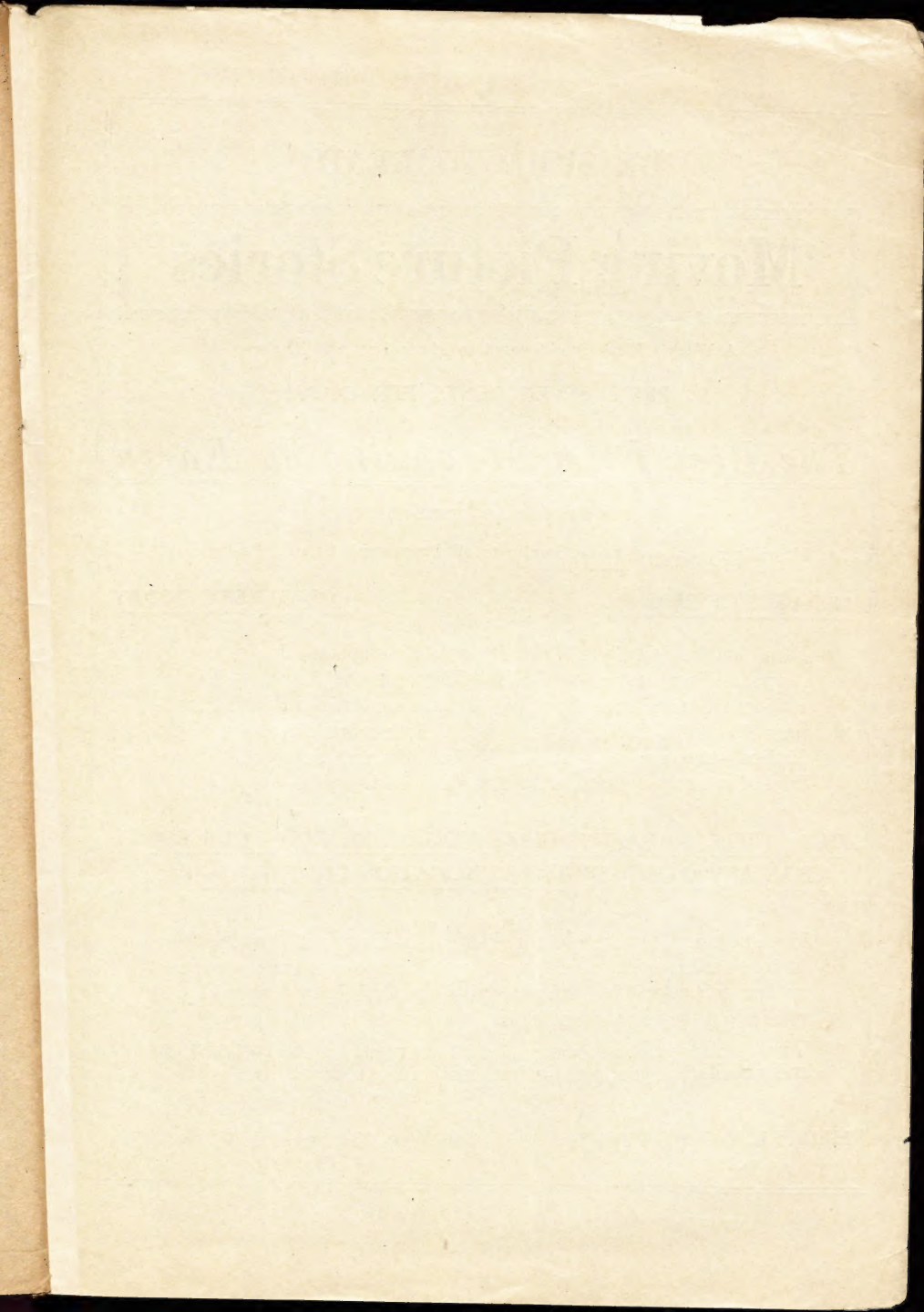


Free Coupon

Good for Moving Picture Offer

Simply cut out this Free Coupon, pin it to a sheet of paper, mail to me with your name and address written plainly, and I will send you the 20 Pictures at once. Address

A. E. FLEMING, Secy.,
615 W. 43d St., Dept. 115, N. Y.



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